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## Diary of the Week.

THE last Session of the Parliament of 1906 came to a violent end on Friday week, and was formally prorogued until January 15. The King, before reciting what he truly calls the "arduous and protracted labors of the Session," made a significant reference to the invasion of his prerogative by the peers whom he had summoned to maintain the Constitution they have deliberately broken:—

### Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

I thank you for the liberality and care with which you provided for the heavy additions to the National Expenditure due to the requirements of Imperial defence and social reform.

I regret that that provision has proved unavailing.

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No more than the proper emphasis has, in our view, been laid upon this language. The action of the Lords has linked the Crown with the Commons and the People in a common grievance and in a disability coolly and insultingly inflicted. The Monarch, no more than any power in his realm, likes to see his functions curtailed as the House of Lords has now curtailed the rights of the Crown. We should very much like to know whether he was even given candid and accurate information as to a plot which was devised and decided on long before it was actually put into operation.

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THE fight for the maintenance of British liberties has been opened by the Liberal Party with the utmost

brilliance and power. The cause has already found powerful adherents in the Labor Party—which is behaving with a broad and statesmanlike sense of the character of the crisis, that in a closely similar situation distinguished the advanced men of 1832—the Trade Union Congress and the Free Church Council. All these bodies declare for the re-establishment of representative democracy. All will conduct the following campaign with a single eye to an end which, in our view, abolishes party distinctions and makes Liberals, Radicals, and Labor men interchangeable champions of one cause. For the moment, Irish democracy has not moved fully into line, Mr. Redmond contenting himself with stating the issue and noting Lord Lansdowne's declaration that the veto of the Lords is the only remaining safeguard against Home Rule. For our part, we cannot conceive a leader of the Irish people failing to bring his army into the field against the House which ruined his country, and to-day threatens to halve the voting power of every Irishman in Great Britain and Ireland.

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At present, the only articulate voice in the country is that of Liberalism. The party which can in a week produce such speeches as those of Lord Morley, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and the wonderful Lancashire series of Mr. Churchill, has fairly earned its right to interpret the intelligence and good feeling of the British people. On Friday week, at the National Liberal Club, the Chancellor of the Exchequer—who, if the Liberal organisers know the A.B.C. of their business, will at once be set the all-important task of winning London and the Home Counties—made one of the most powerful orations in the history of political combat. Every stroke told, and some of the phrases, such as the saying that "every grain of freedom is more precious than radium," belonged to a high order of thought and expression. The leading points of Mr. George's speech, which every speaker and writer on the people's side should study, were the impressive contrast between the representative and national quality of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, the damning proof that the revolutionary act of the Lords was the work, first, of its least trustworthy members, and, secondly, of feather-headed journalism, the biting dissection of the character and record of the chief wreckers. These made up a strategic attack such as John Bright himself might not have disowned. In Lancashire, Mr. Churchill's campaign, made up partly of massive and convincing argument, partly of brilliant and cogent railery, is carrying all before it.

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MR. LLOYD GEORGE, speaking from his mountain-side home on Thursday, gave a lucid, convincing exposition of the Budget, woven with the strong homespun stuff that the people love. He again appealed to "vulgar, common facts," the facts that the friends of the peerthink it "so rude to mention." The Lords do not mind absorbing unearned increment; but they think it almost wicked to mention the fact. Mr. George gave a particularly cruel instance taken from the neighborhood—a little Welsh chapel, built at the cost of £150 on a mountain-side. When the lease fell in the landlord claimed

another £150 as the price of its renewal. As to the need for a system of valuation to stop the robbery of one set of citizens by another, he quoted the assessments of Bute Castle and a tailor's shop at its gates. The Castle, standing in a hundred acres of sheer gold-mine, was rated at £924; the tailor's shop, 40 yards square, at £947. The Chancellor added that he had been a "backwoodsman" himself, and when, as a boy, he gathered sticks, he found that while he got nothing in calm weather, he gathered "an armful" after a storm.

ON the side of the Peers, up to the present, there has been a lonely challenge from Lord Kesteven and Lord Lansdowne. The former told his audience that the Germans would soon be here "driving their bayonets into our stomachs," that "if the Budget did not make them sick, nothing would," that it was a "rotten Budget" when it was alive, and they might guess its state when Mr. Lloyd George "dug it up," and that he pitied the "bestly ignorance" of one of his audience who appeared to have forgotten Lord Kesteven's hitherto unrecorded services in the South African war. Lord Kesteven's political career, we hope, is only beginning. Now that the Peers are to rule us, we ought to know the stuff they are made of.

LORD LANSDOWNE'S speech at Plymouth was hardly up to Lord Kesteven's form. He gave the key to the Unionists' Campaign by declaring the issue to be single Chamber against dual Chamber rule, insisting that if two-House government were to be maintained the country must have a real, not a sham, Second Chamber, threw over the House of Lords as it stood, but hinted at "a little more efficient" Assembly, pleaded that the Lords had not destroyed all the Government's Bills, but only some of them, and those the least popular, and contended that they served the country by crushing what Lord Morley called "wild-cat proposals." The House of Lords had appealed to the people, for, though it did not owe its seats to its fellow-countrymen, it had "a duty" towards them.—Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who speaks honestly, has defended his father's new schedule of stomach taxes, which, on the other hand, has created something like a panic in the Protectionist camp; while Mr. Lyttelton and other Unionist members minimise the revolutionary act of the Lords on the old ground that they have done nothing in particular, but done it very well.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has again given Mr. Balfour his marching orders. He has revised his scheme of Protection in an authoritative article in the "Birmingham Post." If his first thoughts were for scourging the people with whips, his second, and those of the Lords, are for scourging them with scorpions. The new tariff strikes not one but a multitude of blows at the materials that our laboring folk live by and work with. All the earlier exemptions are swept away, including the promised remissions of tea and sugar duties. Maize and bacon are to be taxed, as well as corn and flour—a new rod for the back of the poorest Irish folk. The corn tax is to be charged at the rate of 2s. a quarter on foreign corn. There is to be a still higher duty on flour, and the Colonies are to have a preferential tax, not the duty-free market they enjoy to-day. There are to be three rates of duty on imports, 5 per cent. on goods to which little labor has been devoted, 10 per cent. on goods more nearly approaching completion, and 15 per cent. on completely manufactured articles. Lower duties are again to be charged on

Colonial produce. It would be hard to devise a more apt machinery for creating hunger, inefficiency, unemployment, and bad trade. But the "Birmingham Post" admits that there is little hope of negotiating the full Tariff Reform Budget before 1911, so that the immediate fruit of a Protectionist victory next January can only be a revival of the Corn Laws. This, therefore, is to be the first House of Lords' Budget. It is also the brief to which the (curiously silent) Mr. Balfour will have to speak.

WE hope Liberal organisers are not deceived by the silence of a party which does not aim at the persuasion of the people, but chiefly looks to intimidating and cajoling them. Already a clear campaign of corruption has been set on foot. Publicans are lowering the price of beer; employers are threatening unemployment or promising employment—both falsely—if the Budget is re-passed or destroyed; Lord Sherborne threatens to dismiss his servants, and a man, who is reported to be an Admiral, specifies his coachman and gardener as the men whom he will sacrifice to his spite against the Budget. All we can say is that we hope that diligent note will be kept of all such cases, and criminal prosecutions promptly set up against any man, be he Duke or bar-tender, who is rightly amenable to them.

IN our correspondence columns we print a letter on the subject of the depreciation in British securities from Mr. Peters Bone, who discusses it with thirty years' experience of the stock markets behind him. Mr. Peters Bone writes in answer to the article in last week's NATION on Lord Revelstoke's speech in the House of Lords, and largely endorses its main contention, that many other causes besides mistrust of the Government produced the fall in Consols out of which so much political capital has been made. He also largely agrees with our view as to what those causes were. But with regard to British securities in general he comes to a different conclusion, and ascribes a "miasma" which he alleges to be affecting them to a want of sympathy on the Government's part with City interests and opinions. It is impossible to deal adequately with this interesting assertion within the limits of a Note. We can only say that the miasma has not had the effect of enabling the investor to buy English securities with the prospect of a handsome yield. Home Railway stocks are certainly under a cloud, but the buyer of London and North Western at to-day's price gets less than  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on his money, on the basis of the last two dividends; and this is a remarkably low yield on an ordinary stock subject to all the risks of trade fluctuation, especially when it is compared with the return to be got from investments abroad. Like Consols, Home Railway stocks were too dear, and had to come down. In their case, the fall was accelerated by the accumulated results of bad finance and bad management.

WITH regard to brewery stocks, again, which Mr. Peters Bone singles out as having been definitely attacked by the Government, how much of their depreciation was due to reckless over-capitalisation and the mad scramble for licences at inflated prices—inflated by the competition of the brewers? The stock of Guinness & Co.—one of the few breweries which was not over-capitalised, and did not join in the scramble for licences—is higher now (allowing for the fact that the stock has been "watered" by 100 per cent.) than when the Government took office. And we cannot agree with Mr. Peters Bone that Lord Rothschild was correct in

asserting that it is "difficult, if not impossible, to get money for even the best English enterprise."

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As Mr. Winston Churchill pointed out in his speech on Monday, since the Government has been in office "we have added more spindles to our cotton plant than the whole cotton trade of Germany possesses." We admit, as we admitted last Saturday, that the City mistrusts the Government, but we maintain, as then, that this mistrust is due less to what the Government has done, or tried to do, than to the misrepresentations of the Tory Press, and the care with which leading Tories in the City have created and fostered it. We agree with Mr. Peters Bone's hint that this mistrust may, at a point, cause panic and disaster. But those responsible for the panic, if it comes, will be not the Government, but those who have, for party purposes, persistently decried British credit and British investments.

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MR. TAFT is clearly not a hunter of big game. His first Presidential message is a humdrum document, relatively brief, businesslike, and free from rhetoric. Of its forty pages, sixteen are devoted to foreign affairs. Americans, on reading it, seem to have envied the lions of East Africa, and to have felt that with Mr. Roosevelt's departure, life has rather lost its savor. The message foreshadows no legislation of any importance, and the trusts are not even mentioned, though something may be heard of them later in supplementary messages. The more conservative Republicans are said to be pleased because Mr. Taft, in Mr. A. J. Balfour's phrase, will not burden them with overmuch legislation. The more Radical and Rooseveltian section is said to be furious, and a schism, against all the traditions of this highly-disciplined party, is said to be probable. On the other hand, the Imperialist note in the message is loud and persistent, though it lacks the peculiar stridency of a "big stick" utterance. "More than ever before," we are told, "American capital is going abroad," and the Government realises its "vastly increased responsibilities," particularly in Latin America. This frank realism, which clearly recognises the connection between Imperialism and the export of capital, is rather honest than reassuring. The Monroe Doctrine, the message proceeds, must not be allowed to "operate for the perpetuation of an irresponsible Government." Those words translated into Spanish will set half-a-dozen minor Republics inquiring whose turn is likely to come first.

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THE immediate reference of these menacing periods is, of course, to Nicaragua. President Zelaya, having to deal with a revolution aided, and probably financed, by Americans, dared to refuse belligerent rights to interlopers, and shot two American subjects—certainly a barbarous act—who had fought against him as rebel officers. There followed an indignant note from Mr. Secretary Knox dismissing the Nicaraguan representatives from Washington, and now President Taft declares that his Government will remember "its moral obligations to Central America and civilisation." It might, perhaps, have remembered its prior duty to enforce neutrality on its citizens in the civil wars of their neighbors. The general expectation is that the States will "pacify" Nicaragua, which, however, can hardly be done without destroying President Zelaya. He is firmly entrenched in the hilly interior, and a punitive expedition would have to pass the swamps of the fever-belt on the coast, and then give battle to skilled guerillas in country which favors their movements. A naval

expedition is already off the coast, but has been delayed by accidents. Little can be said in defence either of the humanity or of the political competence of the Nicaraguans. But the States, in their turn, are palpably an interested party, and the ground for intervention has been ill chosen.

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THE libel action brought by Messrs. Cadbury against the "Standard," for charging them with insincerity in their action with regard to San Thomé cocoa, ended on Monday in one of those curiously illogical verdicts which are the occasional result of our system of trial by jury. There were only two possible conclusions to be drawn from the evidence. Either the plaintiffs were acting with gross hypocrisy in their ostensible efforts to remedy the terrible abuses in the system of labor in force on the Portuguese islands—in which case the "Standard" was entitled to a verdict—or they were honest in their action, in which case they had been abominably defamed, and should have been awarded substantial damages. The verdict of the jury for the plaintiffs with a farthing damages can only be explained as a compromise with a small minority in favor of the defendants. Mr. Justice Pickford showed his own view of the case pretty clearly in his luminous summing up, and by giving the plaintiffs their costs. Mr. Lecky has said that the crusade of England against the slave trade is one of the three or four perfectly virtuous pages in the history of nations. Few impartial men who read the evidence in this case will doubt that Mr. William Cadbury's persistent and unostentatious efforts on behalf of the natives of Angola will one day receive honorable mention on that page.

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THE Italian Cabinet crisis is an item in the fiscal controversy, due to the growth of armaments, which is convulsing every country in Europe. The Giolitti Government was defeated on its financial proposals on December 2nd by a chance combination of the Extreme Left (which voted rather against the Government than against its measures), the Conservatives under Baron Sonnino, and a number of disaffected Liberals who resent the proposals of Signor Giolitti for the taxation of wealth. Of the future behavior of the Liberal Cave nothing is certainly known, and the new Government is likely to enjoy an uneasy tenure. The revenue is dwindling, the expenditure increasing, and this in a country already the most heavily taxed in Europe. One doubts, however, whether the Socialists, who on the whole welcome the Liberal scheme of taxation, were wise to destroy Signor Giolitti in order to put Baron Sonnino in power. This capable but rather sinister personage is slowly forming a Cabinet of Moderates, which already includes such able members as the veteran economist, Signor Luzzatti, an admirer of Gladstonian finance, and Admiral Bettolo. No alternative Government was possible, and Baron Sonnino has an adroitness and a firmness which rejoice to face such difficult situations as this.

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THE death of Mr. Felix Cobbold, the junior member for Ipswich, will be deeply felt by a wide circle of friends. The charm of Mr. Cobbold's character and demeanor seemed hardly to belong to a society at once so cold-hearted and so formless as ours, though it was the stamp of a man keenly interested in modern politics and warmly associated with advanced Radical doctrine. Such graces of mind as he possessed are rare enough; rarer still is it to find a critical intellect like his joined to so much tenderness for the common lot.



## Politics and Affairs.

### CONCENTRATION.

SELDOM has a great electoral fight started under better omens than the coming battle. The cause is good. The issue is simple. The response of the democratic parties on all sides has been enthusiastic. There is a clear sense of the urgency of the occasion and of the supremacy of the issue. We have every reason to hope that, with a mutual exercise of goodwill and forbearance, the number of triangular contests will be insignificant, and that Labor and Liberalism will march side by side to the defence of freedom. But it must be clearly realised that the opposing forces are equally united and equally determined. We have not to fight the brewer or the landlord separately. We have to deal with a combination which has rallied to the House of Lords as the last rock of defence for every interest which thinks it has something to gain by separating itself from the nation as a whole. Every device that can be invented by the ingenuity of skilled electioneering will be perfected and utilised with all the resources of unlimited funds. Social pressure and financial pressure will be applied. There is, therefore, no room for dissensions among ourselves. We look to Mr. Asquith to formulate a clear policy, and to give a decided lead, and we look to all sections of democratic opinion, when that lead has been given, to sink individual differences and rally to the standard as one man.

We write thus with perfect confidence in advance of Mr. Asquith's declaration, because on the essential point we can entertain no doubt. The question before the electors is whether the block veto is to go or stay, and Mr. Asquith cannot hesitate in deciding that it shall go. This decision, as we have before pointed out, covers two distinct issues, the issue of finance and the issue of legislation. With regard to finance, the veto, never till to-day more than a form, will from to-day cease to be a form. With regard to legislation, whatever happens it will cease to be a permanent veto enabling the Lords to defeat the representative House whenever they think fit to do so. Now it is on this side of the question that divergencies arise, and it is here that we are concerned to argue that House of Commons men of all views should agree to postpone ideal solutions and concentrate on that which is of immediate and pressing necessity. There are those who would like to see the House of Lords completely swept away. But if they insist on their point and will take nothing less, they will find themselves in irreconcilable opposition to those who, agreeing that the present position is intolerable, are yet resolute in maintaining some sort of Second Chamber as an integral part of the Constitution. There are those, and we have much sympathy with them, who are stoutly for the abolition of the hereditary principle. But if they insist on making this the immediate point of attack, they are faced at once with the whole problem of the reform of the Lords, with all the endless debates on the precise shape which such a reform should take, and with all the doubts as to whether a reformed Chamber might not be a more for-

midable stronghold of Conservatism and reaction than the discredited body which is now snatching at power. We cannot go constitution-making while Rome is burning, nor potter about discussing the niceties of an ideal reconstruction while our power to construct anything at all remains unassured. The way to reconstruction is through and over the veto. The ground must be levelled before we can build upon it. The final solution may include a Chamber of Life Peers, or it may involve, as Sir Edward Grey has hinted, an elective Second Chamber. But what it is to include is a question which the people ought in future to decide through their representatives, and to decide freely, and without let or hindrance on the part of the few hundreds of irresponsible individuals who have challenged the nation. The Peers have forced upon us the necessity of constitution-making. They have destroyed the working of the Constitution as tradition had shaped it. Thus a new Constitution there must be, but it must be a Constitution made by the nation, and the Constitution can only be made anew when the nation is free from the trammels of the old one.

For this purpose then, as for the immediate execution of the important social reforms which have been outlined by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, the one thing directly necessary is the destruction of the block. This is a very moderate measure. The Campbell-Bannerman scheme showed how it could be accomplished without by any means destroying the importance of a Second Chamber in the Constitution. Time has gone on since that scheme was adopted by the House of Commons, and many who were then content with it would now like something simpler and more drastic. We ourselves should like something simpler and more drastic. But whatever we may wish, we have also to recognise the necessity that we should carry with us the great main body of moderate opinion without which no far-reaching constitutional reform in this country can go through. Provided that the principle laid down by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman is maintained, we are satisfied that the essential point is secured. That principle was very simple. It was that within the limits of a single Parliament the deliberate will of the House of Commons should prevail. This is the principle which, in the present Parliament, the Lords have directly, and hitherto successfully, challenged. If it is vindicated, their power for mischief is paralysed. An influence they may still exert, by demanding discussion and interposing delays, and it may well be a task for the future to decide whether the mere accident of birth should put men into so commanding a position. But it will be a decision which, when taken, the destruction of the permanent veto will give us the means of enforcing. To talk of the Campbell-Bannerman scheme as some have talked, as not seriously limiting, as even consolidating, the power of the Lords, is to ignore the facts of the situation and the history of the present Parliament. The removal of the financial veto destroys the power of the Lords to cause a dissolution, and the rest is nothing but a question of time. On the lines of the Campbell-Bannerman resolution every great measure which has been thrown out in this Parliament would have become law before the dissolution. The Scotch would have had their land re-



form. We should have had educational equality, licensing reform, and the abolition of the plural voter. This is the concrete test, and provided that the Government scheme ensures, as ensure it will, that the House of Commons can obtain the measures to which it is pledged, we shall not quarrel with the machinery which allows for a certain measure of delay. We speak as amongst the strongest opponents of the House of Lords, and as of those who have pressed the constitutional question forward from an early date in the life of this Parliament. We have therefore some title to call on all who feel as strongly, and have worked in the cause as persistently, to join us in laying aside personal preferences and combining to secure the one thing directly and immediately needful.

### THE GOOD PARLIAMENT.

THE Parliament of 1906 has been ended by an act of felony, which sets in acute contrast the forces in this land that make for good and for evil government. As this world goes, we can fairly set on one side those public men who cherish the end of all religions and moralities, namely, the "desire and the hope of justice," and on the other, those who seek to maintain, or even to aggravate, the injustices that exist. What honest man doubts the place the dead Parliament deserves to fill? Its two predecessors we know, for their works follow them. They were governed and ruined by one man—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. To the first he assigned the task of financing a reckless war. To the second he set the rôle of exploring the worthless secret of Mr. Balfour's mind on Free Trade. Their successor had three immediate purposes—to maintain free commerce, to chase the dark shadow of Chinese slavery from South Africa, and to reunite that country to the Empire. It fulfilled each one of them. Maintaining the supreme blessing of peace, it turned its mind to the neglected people of these islands. It secured them the menaced right of industrial association. It sought to re-attach them to the soil, to shorten their hours of labor, to re-build the worst parts of their cities and re-people the deserted country-side, to recruit their moral and physical energies. Its most popular Ministers threw themselves into the breach wherever serious industrial conflicts were threatened, and thereby saved labor and capital untold millions. The public offices which have most to do with social problems were made far more efficient servants of British commerce than they have ever been before, and for the first time in our history were freely opened to all men's complaints. Fresh light was sought; careful students of social evils were drawn into the public service. The prison service and factory law were thrown open to reform and amelioration. The great question of the insecurity and evil fortune which beset honest and steady labor was examined in all its bearings, and with special reference to the undeserved miseries of unemployment, industrial accidents, sickness, physical breakdown, exploited and unprotected childhood, and undowered age. A new intelligence department for labor was created; a hand

was stretched out to raise the most helpless, obscure, and feeble of our working folk. Taxation was again and again adjusted so that, allowing for the excessive needs of modern government, it might press more lightly on all form of service, intellectual and manual. A great scheme of insurance was devised, embodying one of the most liberal offers ever made by a Government to a people, so that insecurity, the scourge of labor, might disappear, or almost disappear, from its life. Examining in a time of complete peace the continuous and ever-increasing prosperity of the country, its chief financier came to the conclusion that those forms of its wealth which were more directly traceable to the general labors of the community might, in moderation, be made to add to its efficiency. If, in all these processes, one trade was firmly, or even severely dealt with, it was that whose excesses scandalise our good name. But, in fact, no revolutionary means were taken or proposed. The Ministry, while progressive, has rarely been idealist. The middle classes were carefully considered, and the burdens of scores of thousands of their members sensibly lightened. The defences of the country were kept at top, in our view at superfluous, strength, and though penurious age was relieved of a burden of dishonor, the relief was only granted at the extreme limit of human life. Reform, not revolution, has been the motto of the Parliament which contained only one man, and he a weak and discredited one, whom the advocates of force or of sudden upheaval would count as an ally. Practically the reforms for which the two Prime Ministers, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Burns have been responsible do no more than carry the organisation of our industrial life up to the level of the best existing models. That, more than any conscious or unconscious vision of a Socialist State, has been the aim of our constructive statesmanship. The ship has been officered, not by advanced theorists, but by men of fresh and clear intelligence, to whom the gross neglect of the last decade appeared as bad management of the national estate no less than as a moral and social disaster. Who condemns their work? Who declares it subversive or wild? The religious man? The prudent observer of the forces of modern politics? The friend of national efficiency? All that is best and most thoughtful in modern England, or all that is worst and weakest?

The work, therefore, of the dead-and-gone Parliament has been moderate, reconciling, and Christian. Since the Grand Ministry of Gladstone, there have been no such four years of modern political history. The greatest of the Parliament's schemes have been destroyed; a malicious and vengeful foe has dogged its steps, harassed its march, and finally cut off its supplies. But significant facts emerge even from its shortened and crippled activities. The Liberal Party has saved itself and renewed its life. It has done enough to make enlightened men all the world over look with hope to experiments in reform, based on a measured and fruitful co-operation with advanced parties. All these goods remain. The House of Lords cannot touch them. The perversions of European war, Protection, and an insensate class struggle, do indeed remain with us; but the example of an honest Government and a reforming

House of Commons has raised formidable moral barriers against them. The greatest of these obstacles is the Budget. So long as the land taxes are approved by the electorate—as approved they are—food taxes are impossible. So long as social reform remains a fixed pre-occupation in the minds of Liberals and Radicals and Labor men, not even a bad press and a mean peerage can put back the passion for war and armaments into its old place in the national imagination. Something new has come into the perspective; and though we are quite open to the argument that sudden and extreme demands on wealth might set the forces of reaction on to a determined effort to capture the people's will and understanding, the moderation of the present schemes and proposals of the Government forbids all prospect of success to the wreckers of the Budget.

And for one special reason. Protection is no longer tricked out in the harlot's dress it assumed when it was flaunted as a device of democracy, and its advocates preached, sincerely or insincerely, the foolish, plausible doctrine that it was possible for one people to get its burden of taxation shifted on to another people's back. Mr. Chamberlain was the one British statesman fitted by character and temperament to commend such a course. In our opinion, it could not have succeeded even in this immoral guise, so long as the Liberal and Labor Parties remained firm in their opposition. The Tory Party could never persuade the democracy that it meant to deal fairly with them, and that its well-to-do champions were thinking of other men's incomes and wages rather than of their own rents and profits. But we need have no fears at all now that Protection comes commended to the people as the "alternative Budget" of the House of Lords. Even if the Lords had declared war on a faltering, unsympathetic House of Commons, the electors of this country would have hesitated long before deposing it and making kings of the Northumberlands and Clanricardes. But now that the conspiracy stands unmasked, and that we have Protection appearing as a barefaced attempt to upset everything—Constitution, a reforming House of Commons and Ministry, a people's Budget, Free Trade, Land Taxes, Death Duties, Super-tax—so that food and labor taxes may be imposed by the direct action of the landowners' House, the electors will hardly take the trouble to pluck the sheep-dog's coat off the wolf that has fitted on its disguise in the sight of all the people. They will simply laugh, and vote straight for the friends they know and against the enemies they know equally well. What is better still, they will re-seat in power the party that has done half its work, but done it well and fairly; so that from the bones of a Parliament killed before its time will arise at once an Avenger of its fate and an Heir of its energies.

#### THE HOUSE OF LORDS' BUDGET.

In answer to the demand of Free Traders for the actual scheme of Tariff Reform, the "Birmingham Daily Post" published on Wednesday the outlines of a programme which is universally and, we do not doubt,

rightly, taken as expressing the views of Mr. Chamberlain and the Tariff Reform League. Its parentage is practically admitted by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who gives it general support as furnishing the nucleus from which a Unionist Cabinet would construct its Budget. The new scheme differs from the old one of the Glasgow speech and the 1903 campaign in some important particulars, which serve to emphasise the growth of Protectionism proper at the expense of the original idea of Colonial Preference. In the first place the famous equation which did not equate—the elaborate calculation which was to show that taxes on corn and meat were to be off-set by remissions on tea and sugar—has been wholly swept away. This cruel but honest admission that money is needed—eighteen millions, if you please—and that it must be got at whatever cost out of the stomachs of the poor, has horribly perturbed the less ingenuous Tariff Reformers, who protest, through the "Standard" and the "Morning Post," that the new gospel says too much, and is not therefore to be regarded as literally inspired. But the word has been said; and, indeed, in no other way can the Protectionist ledger even look like balancing. There is no longer to be any pretence of avoiding the tax on food. Not only so, but the exemption of maize and bacon is now placidly put down as a mistake acknowledged by Mr. Chamberlain himself, and the "food of the poorest" will come in for duty along with the food of the Duke under the new version of the gospel of equality. Next, the Colonial Preference is to be reduced. Canadian wheat is no more to be free. It is to pay one shilling duty as against the two shillings that will be charged to the foreigner. Far from extending Free Trade within the Empire, the new scheme for the first time since the abolition of the registered duty is to impose a tax on Colonial food supplies coming to our shores. It will be interesting to see how the Colonies take this proposal, which is here frankly aimed at the protective encouragement of British agriculture. Lastly, while raw materials are still to be free—most assuredly if it be true that the foreigner pays the tax—there is to be an average duty of 10 per cent. on all manufactured articles. The 10 per cent., however, is not to be uniform. It is to vary from 5 per cent. on articles which are but slightly manufactured, to 15 per cent. on completely finished products, and there is to be differentiation according to the behavior of the country of origin. Once more colonial goods are not to be free, but to enjoy a "substantial preference," and the tariff is to be used for negotiation with foreign protective countries—this although it is a revenue tariff, and is estimated to produce from sixteen to twenty millions annually!

"It's so simple," pleads the "Birmingham Post." It is already worked out. It is a complete ideal scheme, laid up in some heavenly place, in the spacious mind of Mr. Hewins, for example—and needing only the detail of a Parliamentary majority and a heaven-descended Chancellor to bring it down to earth. There will be no lobbyings here, no base disputations among rival interests. Professor Hewins has it all mapped out. What is raw material? What is a manufactured article? How much "labor put into an article" will justify a 5 per cent. duty, how much 10 per cent., how much 15

per cent. ? "He knows about it all, he knows, he knows." The greater part of the scheme, if not the whole, can go through in 1910, with an acquiescent Commons in which no Labor Members are to protest against Food Taxes, and with a House of Lords which would never dream of submitting Mr. Hewins's calculations to the base arbitrament of a popular vote. To us there would seem some little difficulty on those points, and of one thing we are quite sure. Though "raw materials" in the full sense may be exempted, it is impossible to tax the majority of the articles classed by the Board of Trade without seriously raising the cost of production. The total value of the imports under this head in 1908 was £143 millions, of which £23·2 millions were re-exported, leaving in round numbers £120 millions for home consumption. An average tax of 10 per cent. on this sum would produce twelve millions, and in the opinion of the best economists, by far the greater part of this twelve millions would be added to the price of the articles, and in addition would raise the price of all home-made goods of the same kind in an equal degree. Indeed, if prices are not raised, the object of securing the "turn of the market" in favor of the British producer, which is clearly avowed by the "Post," is not secured. We may thus assume a general increase in the cost of all manufactured and partly manufactured articles which are at present imported freely from abroad, which may run up to 5, 10, or 15 per cent., according to the nature of the article, and will in all reasonable probability approximate to these figures in each class respectively.

Now, let us look at the nature of the articles affected. In the Second Fiscal Blue-Book the Board of Trade divided manufactured imports into three classes. Class A were described as "articles completely manufactured and ready for consumption," Class B as manufactured, but requiring to pass through some process before consumption, and Class C simply as "partly manufactured." In the absence of a special revelation, we may suppose that the 15, 10, and 5 per cent. duties will be applied to these classes respectively. Now, if we look at Class A, we find that it includes such things as anchors, chains, cables, tubes, cast-iron and manufactures thereof, steel and manufactures thereof, cutlery, implements, and tools, machinery and mill work, paper bags, sacks, baskets, glass bottles, cordage, oil seed cake, and so forth. None of these are raw materials, but most of them are materials or appliances used in industry, and an increase in their cost of 15 per cent., or of something approaching 15 per cent., would be no slight burden. Next take Class B. Here are included iron bars, girders, boiler plates, nails, bolts and nuts, quicksilver, wrought copper, house frames and fittings, sewing thread, certain dyestuffs, leather, plate-glass, paper, cement, zinc, paraffin, stone. But, in fact, nearly the whole list, accounting, probably, for a third of the whole mass of "manufactured goods," are of necessary use in some industry or other. The price of these appliances is to be raised by something approaching 10 per cent. There remains Class C, which is the smallest of the three divisions, and includes pig iron, steel ingots, unwrought copper, cotton and woollen yarns, certain drugs and dyestuffs, dressed skins, and

furs. These are to be let off with 5 per cent., which will also clearly go to swell the general cost of production in manufacture. It is thus a very moderate computation to take the average increase in the cost of production due to the tariff at 30 per cent. less than the average duty to be imposed on "manufactured goods," that is to say, at 7 per cent. on all the great class of materials and appliances of industry now subject to foreign competition. To this extent (1) our manufactures will be handicapped in meeting foreign competition. The handicap is too general and pervasive to be met by rebate on exports. A shipbuilder might get a rebate on the foreign steel that he uses, but how is he to be reimbursed for the increased cost of machinery, and of the thousand and one appliances that he buys at home, many of which will be raised in price by the duty? (2) Cost of production being increased, the screw on wages will be tightened. Profits will suffer in the first place, but the trade unions will have a very hard fight to maintain existing standards, and will find it still more difficult to improve on them. The tendency must be for lower money wages. Meanwhile for the workman cost of living will have gone up all round—except on beer. Experience has shown that the first amount of the corn duty is recouped in the price, and there is to be an unnamed amount of additional protection for the millers, which will still further raise the price of bread. There is to be no compensation. The taxes on tea and sugar remain. There will be a tax on butchers' meat, on bacon, eggs, cheese, and butter. The tax on leather will co-operate with the tax on boots and shoes to raise the cost of this very serious item in the workman's weekly budget. House rent will tend to rise with the tax on house frames, on stone, and on cement. Thus the workman is hit on both sides by the downward tendency of money wages and the increased cost of living. But the Dukes will be saved. More motors, less bread, is the inspiring cry. Save the park by taxing the cottage! But always let the poor man's beer be free, save only for the tax on barley. It does not look like a winning hand, but the cards are on the table, and for this much thanks to the "Birmingham Daily Post."

#### THE NEW CENSORSHIP.

THE problem of a theatrical censorship still awaits solution, but before it is settled we are suddenly confronted with the new peril of a literary censorship. The machinery which the Libraries Association has imagined would be, perhaps, a little less absolute in its decrees, a little less universal in its power than the despotism which Mr. Redford wields. But it would be as irresponsible, as oppressive, as philistine, and as fatal to bold and original work. In one respect, it would be incomparably more deadly. Parliament can make an end of Mr. Redford whenever it so chooses. But over a commercial censorship exercised by the libraries no estate of the realm could exercise the faintest control. The proposal which these self-appointed guardians of public morality have put forward in a circular letter to the publishers is, briefly, that all new novels shall



be submitted a week before publication to the censorship of an Association on which nine readers in ten depend for their supply of contemporary books. Their blackballs, so to say, will suffice to vote a book "objectionable," and to exclude it permanently from circulation in any library within the ring. Even more serious is the provision that if three members pronounce a book "doubtful," the associated organisations pledge themselves to make its circulation "as small as possible." The first category of totally prohibited books would certainly include, together with some really undesirable and worthless books, much that is harmless, and even admirable. With the experience of recent years to guide us, we see in that class, among much forgotten and undesirable work, such books as "Esther Waters," "The Kreutzer Sonata," and most of Zola's output. The class of "doubtful" books would probably include, not merely such novels of Mr. Arnold Bennett's as a stupid critic might question on grounds of morality, but also books which preached "dangerous" tendencies in politics or religion. "Mary Barton," in its day, was held to be a dangerous incitement to class warfare, and, incredible though it sounds, there are even now public libraries which refuse to place it on their shelves. Any book strongly tinged with a virus which a timid critic might pronounce to be that of Socialism or Atheism would risk a partial boycott in this "doubtful" class. There is no obvious reason why this system should be extended only to novels. In the last century it would have killed Byron and Shelley more surely than any article in the "Quarterly," and prohibited as "doubtful" and "fleshy" every volume of Swinburne and Rossetti. It is fairly certain that Darwin, under this censorship, could have achieved fame only in translations.

Any censorship exercised by average timid minds, set to search for offences and to impose the standards of the unreflecting would be open to these criticisms. But a censorship exercised by gentlemen who are by trade hirers of books would lack the merit even of honest and disinterested prejudice. Their minds have been trained to work in one groove. It is their business to ask one question only regarding each new book, "Will the public want it, and, if so, how many of it?" Their whole success depends on their ability to gauge that demand to the last dozen. Set them to play the moral censor, to judge of things objectionable and things expedient, and to bestow in "doubtful" things the charity of as small a circulation as possible, and it is certain that the commercial calculation will stray unawares into the strivings of their consciences. Books which are really doubtful or even objectionable will escape the stigma, if they are quite certain to excite a large and profitable demand. Mr. Hall Caine or Miss Corelli might sin, we imagine, with a flagrant pen, where a Gissing in his early days might not dare to hint. That will be permitted to an established reputation which would be intolerable in a beginner. And, worst of all, into the "doubtful" category will go pell-mell all the books of "advanced" tendencies, all the puzzling, elusive work which only the "intellectuals" want to read, and which the libraries cannot hope to circulate at a great

profit. Nor will the mischief end with the creation of this avowed censorship. The publishers, schooled to know what they must expect, will take care not to sink their capital in any book which might conceivably be classed as "doubtful." Their readers will be told to take no risks, and presently the authors themselves will come to understand that the novel is no longer a possible vehicle for any idea or view of life at which three irresponsible salesmen might conceivably look askance. A few years of this system, unless the publishers revolt against it, or some new library breaks it down by remaining outside the ring, will effectually reduce our imaginative literature to the same level of commercial timidity that Mr. Redford has imposed upon the stage.

We should be sorry, however, to refuse all sympathy to the libraries in their blundering effort to meet what is certainly a real difficulty. There are novels which no self-respecting librarian would wish to assist to a wide circulation. It is generally easy to detect them by the advertisements, which flaunt their commercial nastiness. Nor is the evil confined to novels. A plague of books dealing with the scandals of courts, or the lives of famous courtesans, has of late made its surprising appearance. The public has no right to ask the librarian to judge for it. It has a right to resent his attempt to put a veto on its reading. But there are clearly limits to the doctrine that the librarian is a mere purveyor or middleman. The law holds even the bookseller responsible, if he includes a flagrantly indecent book among his wares. It is the elaborate organisation which is intolerable in this new censorship—the conscious hunt for objectionable books carried on at leisure by an *ad hoc* committee, and the pledge which binds the libraries to act with unanimity. If it is conscience which forbids the librarian to circulate a "doubtful" book, let him at least keep his own conscience. A staid library, which would guarantee its readers against any contact with disturbing ideas, would have its own highly-respectable clientèle, and might even charge an extra fee in return for its promise to respect their peace of mind. It might even go on to bar any book which contained a split infinitive, and to exclude any novel which failed to provide a happy ending. The law of supply and demand would eventually settle the fate of that library among others. The offence against liberty begins only when the libraries decide on a uniform policy, and issue an edict which will make it impossible to obtain anywhere a new book of daring tendencies or unconventional morality save by the old-fashioned method of buying it. For our part we refuse as yet to be alarmed. The publishers might be weak enough to accept the system if it allowed them to submit their forthcoming works to the new censors in manuscript. But they are likely to resent a scheme that will expose them to enormous business risks. If even for a moment the thing could succeed, the end would not be there. It would begin to dawn upon authors and public that it is hardly more tolerable to entrust the control of our reading to salesmen and capitalists than it would be to hand over the Universities to a joint-stock company. If the libraries can combine, the public can co-operate to found a free library and, if need be, a free Press.

## Life and Letters.

### THE HYPOCRISY OF THE PEERS.

IN spite of their affected nonchalance, the Lords evidently stand astonished at their own immoderation. Six months ago they had no notion that it was "in them" to kick over the Constitution, and play havoc with the finances of the nation. They do not, perhaps cannot, understand the spirit that has moved them. The Greeks had a name for it. They called it *Hybris*, the spirit of proud infatuation which, swelling up in a man, lifted him to a heady promontory where there is no footing to save him from destruction. It is not, however, a simple spirit, but one that draws its food from several sources. Hereditary wealth and settled high position alone impart that confident bearing from which blossom all the barbarian graces that draw men's homage. When the earliest memories of childhood are linked with bobbing villagers, a school and college life whose exclusiveness becomes an art of conscious cultivation, and where the great majority even of those whose education and external bearing resemble your own are "rank outsiders," this confidence assumes a deepening tone of arrogance. "Society," club-life, the Services, and, above all, the direct personal exercise of arbitrary power through the ownership of land and property, feed this spirit. Numbers of common people are continually giving way to his will or whim, the personal power he wields visibly forces them to sweat in order that he may enjoy himself. The greater his natural intelligence, the better he realises these essential facts of his "superiority." If he is an easy-natured man, and is not provoked, his self-esteem stops at a more or less refined tolerance, which, in his dealings with persons of definitely lower grade, will conceal itself as amiable condescension. But this unobtrusive pride, when it is crossed, easily passes into a full-blown insolence, whose very nature requires it to be flaunting and defiant. Even here nicer analysis will probably distinguish the tone of sincere traditional contempt for the people, their rights and liberties, expressed in the speech of Lord Curzon, from the coarse counterfeit of aristocracy presented by Lord Milner, with its modern perversion of the wisdom of the ancients, whereby "*Fiat justitia, ruat coelum*" becomes "*Fiat injustitia—damn the consequences!*"

But granted all this pride of aristocracy, resenting the attempt of the people to curb their hereditary power and to exact a tribute from their wealth, the infatuation of the Lords still stands insufficiently explained. It is not unnatural that a class of men to whom possession is ten points of the law, and in whose eyes there is no reasonable connection between the ownership of property and the performance of personal services, should oppose the endeavor to make them contribute more largely to the upkeep of the State. British Christianity has never gone very far towards inducing men to bear one another's financial burdens. No doubt it may seem mean and churlish that rich men should prefer to make poor men provide for the public needs, should prefer food taxes to land taxes. But let us try and do justice to the situation as it presents itself to the mind of the nobleman. He sees other men providing him with all the necessities and luxuries of life all the time, and he lives among people similarly placed; he knows that all this wealth of material commodities and personal service is his "rights," which he takes as a matter of course. These other people exist to feed him, clothe him, house him, beat his coverts, man his yacht. Why should they not pay his taxes? It is not his business to bear burdens; there are heaps of common people made for that.

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that my Lord should try to dodge his taxes. Let the people pay! is the sentiment appropriate to his traditions, his upbringing, and his circumstances. It is natural that he should be a food-taxer, for food-taxing will raise his rents. It is natural that he should think that by taxing foreign manufactured goods he can improve his dividends.

For his political economy is of a very simple order, a thing of interests and prejudices strung on specious phrases.

Now, some at least of the Peers and the men of property whose case they represent are not themselves deceived. They know the truth, viz., that they, the owners of land, of brewery shares, of high incomes, and large properties, are trying to escape their share of the taxation necessary to defray the public expenditure which they have sanctioned, and that Protection seems the only feasible way of doing it. But they dare not say this outright: so they require their leaders to furnish the necessary falsehoods. These falsehoods will be their undoing. For when pride stoops to hypocrisy it is ruined. Now we believe that when the plain man confronts the bare statement of the Lords' case as put from their own mouths, he will recognise it as sheer, frigid, calculated hypocrisy. The deceitfulness of riches is nowhere more manifest than in the contempt for the intelligence of the common people which it generates. What are we to say of the state of mind represented by the Duke of Northumberland, president of the Royal Sanitary Institute, who, with the limelight of Walbottle in his face, leads the opposition to the sanitary provisions of the Housing Bill? That it should appear quite appropriate for great landowners to pose as impartial authorities upon land taxes, great brewers upon licence duties, even in the House of Commons, suggests some curious flaw in the humor or the intelligence of that assembly and of the wider public acquainted with the facts. But when Peer after Peer comes forward and professes that he is not at all concerned upon his own account at the burdens which the Budget places upon land and other forms of property, that he is willing, even eager, to bear a larger share of the public burdens, and that his sorrow and indignation are entirely due to the unemployment, the poverty, and suffering which his necessary retrenchment must inflict upon the workers to whom he "gives employment," the dependents and the recipients of his charity, a nauseating incredulity arises. The very notion that the Peers can suppose our people to be so steeped in servility as to accept this pretence is itself a striking testimony to the power of man's pride to darken his intelligence.

But one step in hypocrisy leads to another. "We should not think of taking on ourselves to reject a Budget: we are here, not to safeguard our order, to defend our property, but merely to maintain the right of popular self-government against the usurpation of the House of Commons. We are not seeking to avoid taxation or to interfere with the constitutional rights of the Commons; we are impelled to this most distasteful and even perilous task merely by a sense of duty which requires us to insist that the people shall declare its will!" Now, does any sane man of any political experience suppose that the Lords really believe in the wisdom of the electorate, or that they possess any power of divining the electoral mind so as to know whether the will of the people sanctions this measure or that, or that it is technically possible to put any single separate issue before the electorate so as to test the popular will? They say all these things: they believe none of them. In such a case, rare, we are glad to say, in the annals of high politics, plain language is required. Dr. Johnson once replied to an unscrupulous opponent, "Sir, you lie, and you know you lie." No other commentary is fit for this contention of the Lords. They are not believers in democracy, they do not believe it is their function to divine or to consult the popular will. They don't mean to take the verdict if it runs against them; they merely hope to bribe some electors, and frighten others, and confuse some more, and if all these tricks fail, they look to some turn of the party game to save them. Ignorant as they are, they are even more selfish than they are unlettered. They want to dodge their taxes, and they are foolish enough to think that they can plant this hypocrisy upon the people. We would not deign to expose it in any other manner than by placarding the country with two full-sized figures confronting one another, the honest taxpayer and the coroneted tax-dodger.



## A WARNING TO JUST MEN.

THE verdict of the jury in the action for libel brought by Messrs. Cadbury against the "Standard" may be taken as a warning to all men to bethink themselves very carefully before they go about to make their fellow-men happier. If they build up a great industry which gives work to thousands, if they spend their time, their energies, and a large portion of their profits in securing for those thousands the best possible conditions of industry and social life, if they carry out housing experiments, not only to the benefit of those whom they house, but to the instruction and guidance of the world, let them beware. They are making themselves objects of criticism and detraction. They are setting up an ideal standard of employment by which they will be judged. Others will go on in the old ruts, and no one will mind. But they, if on any side they are found deviating by a hairsbreadth from the standard which they themselves have set up, will at once become a target for censure. If they go further and employ another portion of the wealth that they have gained by the organisation of a great industry in promoting on a wider scale the public objects which they have at heart, they incur still further risks. Themselves immune from criticism in the conduct of those matters for which they are directly responsible, they may yet be brought by their dealings into contact with others who are less scrupulous. They may discover that they are buying the products of sweated labor, and even, if their purchases come from abroad, of slave labor. It will be useless for them to offer the ordinary plea of the business man, that they buy where they best can, and cannot control the conditions of labor in another land. The plea of the ordinary business man will not avail them. By all that they have done to raise the level of business methods they will be judged, and if possible condemned. By everything that he has not done the average man will be held excused. By everything that the better man has done well he will be condemned. Therefore, it was not sufficient for Messrs. Cadbury to show that they had taken a practical interest in the conditions under which San Thomé cocoa was produced such as few business men could rival. It was not enough that they had spent thousands of pounds in the work of investigation, and that a member of the firm had given his own time and personal service to the work. It was not enough that they had acted in concert with the Foreign Office and by its advice, or that they had finally, when other methods failed, agreed with other English firms in a joint boycott of the slave-grown cocoa. These indisputable facts could not indeed fail to secure them a verdict upon the charge of hypocrisy, but they failed to secure them substantial damages. While all would admit that Messrs. Tom, Dick, and Harry would have done much less, the implication is that Messrs. Cadbury might have done something more. The moral which the Birmingham jury would have us draw appears plain. Do nothing but that which you are absolutely obliged to do, for so you will be judged kindly as an average man. Do anything to make your neighbors happier, and you will be judged with the searching eye of criticism as the man who would be perfect. For to him that hath done little shall much be forgiven, and to him that hath done more shall be imputed, to the last tittle, anything that he has failed to do.

It seems a mixed standard, but there is a method in it, let us say rather a kind of instinct, a happy choice of a means of discouraging social improvement by making life uncomfortable, and if it can be done, impossible, for those who seek improvement. All of us can be caught out somewhere. If we have no vices of our own, we profit by someone's vices. We ride bicycles on tyres that may, for all we know, be made of red rubber. We eat meat killed under conditions into which we might be sorry to enquire. We wear clothing, and who knows in what sweater's den it was made? We invest in a railway where lives are sacrificed unnecessarily in the goods yards. We drink tea produced by Assam coolies, of whose labor conditions we have from time to time heard. Yet we have the audacity to interest ourselves in the suppression of slavery abroad and the regulation of

labor at home, the reform of the Congo State or the prevention of cruelty to animals. Satirists like Mr. Bernard Shaw find an inexhaustible theme in the inconsistencies with which human life is riddled if you analyse it far enough. But what is the practical outcome? There seem to be three possible courses. One is to wrap ourselves in our virtue, to attempt in Tolstoyan fashion to escape profiting by evil by the method of withdrawing as far as possible from affairs, simplifying life, reducing needs to a minimum, and contenting ourselves with the feeling that we at least are free from the universal taint. It is a vain illusion. The very security which we enjoy is the work of the complex society that we seek to repudiate, and rests on the entirety of the social scheme with all its maddening mixture of good and evil. To withdraw into ourselves is tacitly to accept social life as it is, to let it pass and seek a purely personal salvation by reducing to a minimum our conscious contact with it. A second course is frankly to abandon the effort. We cannot be consistent all through. If we avoid one pitfall, Mr. Shaw will prove to us that it is only to fall into another, and the same potent irony that discomfits the Liberal will be turned next day upon the Socialist. Who then is consistent but he who frankly gives up all attempt at betterment, who takes life as he finds it, and makes the most of it for himself? Let all eat and drink who can, for morally all die. No sooner does "society" recognise that this is the implied drift of the satirist (whether he knows it or not), than it takes him to its bosom. He may laugh at it, for society, rich in enjoyment, can afford to be laughed at, provided only that the reformer in his ragged cloak comes in for an equal share in the gibes. All effort is stopped so soon as perfection is demanded as the condition of a beginning.

There remains the alternative of doing what is practically in our power in a complex life and a world which it is difficult to move, of thinking a little less of our own personal position, and what may be said against us, and a little more of the good that lies actually under our hand to do, and of the human lives that it will affect, of the tangible suffering that we can directly alleviate, of the lives that we can sensibly brighten. That we ourselves cannot live in this world as it stands without profiting by the vices and miseries of others, is not a reason either for going out of life or for accepting the world as we find it. It is a reason for redressing whatever wrong comes within reach of our hands, even though there be worse things infecting us, but not through our efforts removable. Whether we are drinking slave-grown cocoa or not is one question. Whether we can stop the employment of slaves in growing cocoa is another, and it is by far the more vital of the two. If we can stop it by a boycott, then the boycott becomes at once an imperative duty. If we cannot do so, the boycott is rather a matter of personal luxury.

But if everything that we do well is to be reckoned against us until we do all things well, and not only till we do all things well, but until every relation in which we stand is placed above all criticism, then indeed we may shrink from the task. We may prefer to remain at the bottom level of inertia rather than risk the perils of the upward path. And this is precisely what "society" desires of us, and it is why it selects for its victims those who have the smallest measure of the common faults of human kind. So far as "society" can prevail, there will remain a rest for everyone except the people of God. From all who show a budding interest in social justice, it will exact that they make no move till all that they do is purged of participation in social offence. So may the nascent enthusiast be snubbed, the hardened reformer chastised, and society left to jog along in its comfortable rut, enlivened by the wit of the satirist as he lashes the discontented and the inquirer back into their places.

## ON GREAT FAMILIES.

THERE is in the National Gallery a curious essay in portraiture which inspires, as one gazes at it, a mixture of fascination and fear. The males of some prosperous



Milanese family have been sketched by Borgognone on a single canvas. They stand crowded together in an attitude of conventional devotion, the old, the young, and the middle-aged, some with the apprehensive piety of decrepitude, and some with the insolent sensuality of vigor. The physical type is uncannily persistent. The facial angle hardly differs by a degree, and the same long, straight nose appears, fleshy and aggressive in youth, meagre and cautious in old age. The hair is of every shade from yellow to white, but always long and straight and straggling. The mouth, shapely and petulant in the young, has still the proportions and the destinies which will end in the straight compressed lines of the older generations. One thinks of such a family as a disciplined regiment, wearing always, amid changing fashions of raiment, this abiding uniform of the flesh, marching to the rhythm of some secret measure to the conquest of the scattered individuals, the single sentinels around it. There are minds who love to track in history the records of great families in whom can be traced the persistence of some single trait, physical or mental—the Bourbons, who learned nothing and forgot nothing; the Stuarts, with that obstinacy which mingled so oddly with their more than average intelligence; the Hapsburgs, with that under-lip which hung pendulous and sulky for so many centuries above the gaieties of Vienna; the Hohenzollerns, who have commonly contrived to combine a certain dutiful seriousness with every conceivable variety of folly and wisdom. But in all these instances the resemblance is fanciful, a theme which may amuse courtiers and furnish a tag to the weary journalist, but not a line of thought which the serious historian will trouble to follow very closely. There were Bourbons, after all, who tried very hard to learn and forget, particularly those of the younger branch.

The difficult exception is to be found in the case of the Medici. Theirs was a greatness which survived three centuries, and invaded every Power in Christendom. They mingled their blood with Stuarts, Bourbons, and Hapsburgs. An Empress of Austria died contemplating a family tree which traced her origin from Florentine bankers. The history of the Renaissance would be an unintelligible page without them. The end of the Byzantine Empire cannot be understood without reference to that Œcumenical Council which Cosimo Pater Patriæ transferred to Florence. Ask why it was that Luther dragged half of Germany into schism, and the answer is that the first of the Medici Popes was absorbed in a debauch of culture. Ask why it was that England gained a national church under Henry VIII., and again the answer is that the second of the Medici Popes adjusted the great network of his European policy to further his ends in the mother-city on the Arno, played with Francis, Charles, and Henry, as though they were merely pawns in a Florentine intrigue, and cared little that England should be lost to the Church he ruled, if only his bastard son might be raised to the Dukedom. Seek the reasons for the destruction of Protestantism in France, and again it is the face of a Medici, the Queen-Regent Margaret, which smiles above the horrors of St. Bartholomew. In all this greatness, this baseness and this blindness, the Medici were their own stewards and advisers. There is no Richelieu, no Strafford, no "grey eminence" in their story. They paid in immediate disaster for their occasional inefficiency. They reaped for themselves the whole glory of their more usual competence.

Should we see them, these perennial Medici, a phalanx of uniformed soldiers, opening the world as their oyster, each with the same smile of resolute assurance, if we could find them together on a canvas by Borgognone? An elaborate family history has at last been attempted\*, written, on the whole, from the standpoint of eulogy. But, with all its wealth of portraits, with all the aid of photographed busts and reproductions from Botticelli and Bronzino, the impression is not one of unity. Colonel Young is, indeed, impressed, perhaps a little uncritically, with the hereditary talent of this powerful family. He traces their

history, one by one, from the obscure greatness of their first informal despotism in 1400 down to their inglorious decay in the eighteenth century. He sets them in the rich frame of contemporary European politics, and reinforces their glory by the glitter of all the architects, the painters, the scholars, and the poets whom they patronised. If his two fat volumes have too often the manner of a compilation, they are informed, none the less, by the steady purpose of tracing what was uniform, and throwing into relief what was splendid, in the annals of these bourgeois who got more Kings than Banquo. But the one thing which they do not convey is any sense of personal identity through the successive generations of great Medici. It is possible, with the aid of Bronzino's retrospective and perhaps idealised portraits, to trace a certain physical likeness between Giovanni di Bicci, the first of the Medici who in any sense ruled Florence, Cosimo Pater Patriæ, his son, and Lorenzo the Magnificent, his great-grandson. At least they belong to the same racial type. It is not at all an aristocratic type. It suggests, indeed, powers of calculation, self-restraint, secrecy, and steadiness, but it is the head of a man of affairs, a head one would expect to encounter in a banker or a merchant, but not in a soldier, a country gentleman, or an "intellectual." The busts of the grandson, Piero il Gottoso, display bigger features and a larger head, suggest (despite his physical weakness) a muscular rather than a nervous organisation, and convey a sense of power and command. In Lorenzo's brother, Giuliano, on the other hand, we reach, for the first time, a Medici who shows in every feature, and even in the pose of the head, a gay, beautiful, sensitive personality, which might, if it had degenerated, have become insolent and self-indulgent, but could never have been crafty or cold. The two Popes were as distinct from each other, and from other notable Medici, as well could be; while the two disastrous heads of the elder branch, Pietro the Unfortunate, whose portrait by Botticelli has all the air of triumphant likeness, and Alessandro the Moor, the bastard son of Clement VII., were manifestly their mother's sons. Indeed, it was just so long as the Medici continued to marry into other Florentine families which had the same simplicity of manners, with the same high culture, the same neighborly geniality, and that Republican modesty which Tacitus, in a parallel case, used to call the *civile ingenium*, that they retained at once their genius and the confidence of their fellow-citizens. Their moral decline, their misfortunes, and the ruin of the old Florence, dated from the marriage of Lorenzo the Magnificent to a Roman aristocrat. They were evidently not a male stock which could transmit itself unmixed from generation to generation. The Medici inheritance was, indeed, rather a tradition than the blood of genius. Their conscious adherence to citizen manners, their preference for the reality rather than the name of power, their taste in art, their habit of public munificence, their calculated generosity to their enemies—these things were probably rather a strategy thought out in common in the banking house, a product of a certain environment, an effect of careful instruction, than the expression of a temperament which descended from father to son with the *palle* and the florins. There is only one other family which we can recall that showed a like uniformity of talent through so many generations. The Bachs were musical through eight generations, and professional musicians through six. They attained supreme genius in one member, distinction of the second order in three or four, competent ability in all. They had a habit of marrying their cousins, but it was their constant family meetings and the practice that the father and elder brothers should undertake the teaching of the younger Bachs which made the family tradition. They were, in fact, a school as well as a family. Physical heredity counts for incomparably less in the making of great families than the permanence of a view of life or a style in art handed down with deliberate intention from one generation to another.

When history has stripped itself of such semi-magical conceptions as heredity, and ceased to take the

\* "The Medici." By Colonel G. F. Young, C.B. 2 vols. Murray.

notion of transmitted capacity on trust, it will, we think, examine the annals of the Medici with a shrewder curiosity about their finances. Colonel Young has devoted some two pages in these two volumes to the Medici Bank. A realist historian would have taken the Bank as his starting point. It was their credit rather than their talent which made them indispensable to the Republic. They ruled Florence without troops or titles, because Florence was their debtor. It was with loans that they bought the Sforza connection and the privilege of being the Papal bankers. One is curious to know how far their partisans in Florence were also their clients, and what part their international banking played in their brilliant diplomacy. Florence tried to drive Cosimo Pater Patriae into exile, only to find after a year's experience that she could not conduct her wars without his loans. Nor could they even in exile become insignificant; they still controlled a world-wide banking system. Ask, moreover, why they seized so much power and no more, and again the answer probably is that they snatched power enough to protect their property. "It fares ill in Florence," as the great Lorenzo put it, when he ascended his invisible throne, a plain Republican, "with anyone who possesses wealth without any control in the Government." The Medici seized power to protect their bank; they were allowed to keep it because Florence needed their credit. The system they inaugurated, from Giovanni di Bicci in 1400 down to Cosimo II., who in 1609 abandoned the Bank, because it was glory enough that scions of the Medici sat on four European thrones, was in short a plutocracy centred in a single head. If the Bachi were a school, the Medici were a firm. Ask what inscrutable force of genius it was which descended from generation to generation, and shone among the sinister Grand Dukes of the younger no less than among the genial citizens of the elder branch, and the answer of the realist is in two words—the Medici millions. They rose to the head of the Florentine State primarily because the bad debts owed by our own Edward III. to the other Florentine bankers crippled their rivals at the critical moment. They valued their power for the same reason which leads Lord Rothschild to uphold the veto of the Peers. As for their European position, they achieved it by the simple expedient of buying a Pope. Their history, in short, is the epic of property, a pæan to the power of wealth. It was not genius, it was not cunning, which made the Medici great. They were great because they knew how to spend their income without squandering their capital; because their Bank was as cosmopolitan as the Church; because they understood the use, and, above all, the abuse of money. The single point in which they did show genius was that they had the skill to fill their glorious pawnshop with such a halo of Nativity angels and such a litter of Greek manuscripts that to this day historians can hardly see the ledger.

#### THE PLACE LIKE HOME.

"A HOUSE," says Mr. Edward Thomas, in his new and beautiful book, called "The South Country" (Dent)—"A house is a perdurable garment, giving and taking of life. If it only fit, straightway it begins to chronicle our days. It beholds our joys and sorrows, its untale-bearing walls know all our thoughts, and if it be such a house as grows after the builders are gone, our thoughts presently owe much to it." To those whom harsh destiny compels to live in suburbs, there must be something saddening in such a passage. How unlike is their house to a perdurable garment, how much more inclined to decay than to grow after the builders are gone! There stretches the long suburban street, "ignobly decent," as Gissing said. Each house is created in the image of its neighbor; each block of "semi-detached" follows the other like Siamese twins indefinitely repeated. The houses are not homes; they are coverts for meals and sleep, they are rows of recurring decimals, a gallery of pictures where no love is, a series of ready-made garments hung upon a string, a suit of "hand-me-downs," the products of a slop tailor, who is not even "bespoke."

It is true that even in a suburb it is possible to make a home. Mr. Wemmick made one in Walworth. The top of his house was cut out and painted like a battery mounted with guns, which, as he remarked, was his own doing, and looked pretty. There was also a real flagstaff with a real flag, a drawbridge that crossed a chasm four feet wide by two deep, and a piece of ordnance which was a Stinger, and fired at nine o'clock every night, Greenwich time. At the back of the house, out of sight, so as not to impede the idea of fortifications, was a pig, together with fowls, rabbits, and a cucumber frame; so that, as Mr. Wemmick further remarked, if the little place were besieged, it would hold out a devil of a time, in point of provisions. If not a perdurable garment, that was a real home, there is no denying it. But in these altruistic and regulated days such a fortress would hardly be defensible. Would not the County Council fill up the moat, silence the Stinger, and slaughter the pig?

It is only far from cities, beyond the clutch of the suburb's longest claw, that the natural and organic house—the house that has grown and still will grow—is now to be found. No garden-city imitation, with angles and ingle-nooks, and mountains of roof, and eccentric gables built to look as though they grew there, can for a moment deceive us. Those are the preciosities of houses, the modern pastorals in Dresden china. Self-consciousness has laid its blighting touch upon them, and, far from growing, they are still-born. The live house may have only one long, straight roof, its square windows may stand all in a row, and the square door open bang in the middle of the wall, and yet a glance shows the thing to be organic. It stands square upon the flat, or clings along the hillside as though it were part of the earth itself. We cannot think of it as built otherwise, so intimately does it belong to the rocks or fields or slope of down. There it stands, shot with strange colors and remembrances, woven into the living garment of Time. It has chronicled many days, and its roll is still open. It has grown after the builders have gone, and is full, not only of records, but of promises as sweet or grave.

As with houses, so with regions of our country. For himself the motorist of cities has reduced this island to a pinpoint. To him it makes no difference where he is, seeing that he will be somewhere else in an hour, and the Suffolk of to-day may become the Shropshire of to-morrow, with only a snort between. So long as he does not fall into the sea, space concerns him no more, but is merged in time. He has the reward of fleeting acquaintanceship, but he will never even imagine the intimate knowledge of him who has slowly, and of unconscious necessity, sucked the breasts of one distinctive plain or valley in our land. To some of us that thought of home calls up the gleam of Solway ebbing and flowing between misty hills and quaking moss, crossed by the white road that leads to the enemy's ground in Eskdale and Yarrow—a country haunted by memories of love and battle. Others see another northern country, utterly different from those western marches, and like Peter Bell, their spirit goes trudging again:—

"Through Yorkshire dales,  
Among the rocks and winding eares,  
Where deep and low the hamlets lie  
Beneath their little patch of sky  
And little lot of stars."

Or they see what Mr. Thomas calls "the land of wild coast, of mountains, of myriad chimneys"; and some perhaps turn with a gilding memory even to the heavy midlands and the sandy wastes that lose themselves in a sandy German sea. And westward lies that strange land of expectation, where a sudden frond of spleenwort or an outcrop of red-sandstone rock gives warning that at any moment the blue line of Cader and all her hills may rise below the sunset, and where the whole mingling aspect of uncertain country and river combines with the hope of mountains to embody the very type of our strangely mingled English nature:—

"When Severn down to Buildwas ran  
Colored with the death of man,  
Couched upon her brother's grave  
The Saxon got me on the slave."



"The sound of fight is silent long  
That began the ancient wrong;  
Long the voice of tears is still  
That wept of old the endless ill.

"In my heart it has not died,  
The war that sleeps on Severn side;  
They cease not fighting, east and west,  
On the marches of my breast."

But, after all, one may doubt whether the true and perdurable garment of our race, our proper house and Englishman's home, is not in reality that South Country on which Mr. Thomas, Welshman though he is, writes with the insight and knowledge of a child who has adopted a mother and perhaps loves and knows her all the better for that touch of strangeness, that absence of habitual relationship. And, indeed, in the South Country the broods of our ancestry have been most indistinguishably intermingled. Prehistoric beings with stone, and iron, and bronze, Celts and Romans, "gluttonous Jutes and Saxons lumbering about in pot-bellied equanimity," hungry Danes, venturesome, rigorous Normans, and many a stray captive or wanderer from our sweet enemy overseas—all have dwelt in the South Country, and gone to breed the stock that lives between the Thames and the Channel. For that matter, as Mr. Thomas says of us all:—

"We are not merely twentieth-century Londoners or Kentish men or Welshmen. We belong to the days of Wordsworth, of Elizabeth, of Richard Plantagenet, of Harold, of the earliest bards. We, too, like Taliesin, have borne a banner before Alexander, have been with our Lord in the manger of the *ass*, have been in India, and with the 'remnant of Troia,' and with Noah in the ark, and our original country is 'the region of the summer stars.'"

Of all our island, the South Country is fullest of great history and of the relics of men who have left no history but their bones and stones and ditches. More than once Mr. Thomas dwells on the peculiar beauty and suggestiveness of South Country names. There is, as he says, a wealth of poetry in the sign posts:—

"What goodly names of the South Country—Woodmansterne, Hollingbourne, Horsmonden, Wolstanbury, Brockenhurst, Caburn, Lydiard Tregoeze, Lydiard Millicent, Clevancy, Amesbury, Amberley (I once tried to make a beautiful name, and in the end it was Amberley, in which Time had forestalled me)."

There are many more, and nearly all of them tell of history—of some heroic figure, or of nature's yield in flocks, or fruit, or crops—Appleshaw, Kelmscot, Cowfold, or Belchamps. And yet, with all its history and its beauty, the land shows little of melodrama or sensational interest. Certainly, there are a few great cathedrals and show-places, but it is easy to avoid them. Sometimes Mr. Thomas himself reminds one for a moment of the Scholar Gipsy, whom shepherds met in some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors, and who, having turned once to watch the line of festal light in Christ Church hall, would seek his straw in some sequestered grange; for from the common grandeur of the world he turns gladly to things of low estate:—

"I prefer any country church or chapel," he says, "to Winchester or Chichester or Canterbury Cathedral, just as I prefer 'All round my hat' or 'Somer is icumen in,' to Beethoven. Not that I dislike the cathedrals, or that I do not find many pleasures among them. But they are incomprehensible and not restful. I feel when I am within them that I know why a dog bays at the moon."

It is a fine saying, worthy of Thoreau, or of Richard Jefferies, whom Mr. Thomas knows so well, or of Traherne from whose "Centuries of Meditation" he sometimes quotes with new revelation.

The land lies almost close at our door, and yet it is still beautiful, and, compared to the so-called wealthy parts of England, it is deserted and little known. Like racing greyhounds, as one of George Meredith's lovers hastening to his mistress called them, the downs run east and west in sinuous lines. Basking in sunshine, or hazy in driving mist, or dark with storm, they have a lonely dignity above their height, and from their ridges sometimes you may catch the pale glimmer of the sea. At their foot lies the ancient Weald, still heavy in soil and thick with trees. Their summits are scarred by the earthworks of long-forgotten peoples, and here and there

along their sides has grown one of those habitations which are a part of nature, and breed men as naturally as a wilderness breeds lions. With the thought of them in mind, it is difficult for a patriot to walk down the long monotony of a suburban terrace and retain his hope.

## Present-Day Problems.

### THE MONEY-POWER AT WAR.

THREE years ago Lord Lansdowne announced that the House of Lords intended to fight the Liberal Government "upon ground as favorable as possible" to themselves. He has since discovered, as he did in South Africa, that an active enemy after an announcement of that kind may insist on being consulted as to the time and place of the fighting. But there is no doubt that the majority of the Peers have, since the appearance of the Budget, considered themselves at war, and therefore entitled to act in accordance with the ethics of war.

At first the means adopted were old-fashioned enough. The great rural landlords played once again upon that fear which besets the farm laborer and the village tradesman lest "the powers that be" should, like the gods in a Greek tragedy, suddenly withdraw their favor. This was done openly by speeches and letters. But the speeches and letters turned out to be excellent copy for Radical papers circulating among the town working men, who think of ground-landlords not as arbitrary gods but as the receivers of taxable ground rents. That method was therefore dropped—the more willingly perhaps because the intimidation of the villagers had been already carried as far as was safe in constituencies which after all vote by ballot.

Next came Lord Rosebery's plan, to create a personification called Socialism, to define it as "the end of all, the negation of faith, of family, of property, of monarchy, of empire," and to say that every vote given for the Budget was a vote for Socialism so defined. That suggestion will undoubtedly be used for what it is worth, but so far it does not seem to have been very effective. It reminds one rather too closely of the political maxims in "Coningsby."

Meanwhile, the practical modern men, whom the Peers pay, were at work, and Mr. Garvin, in last Sunday's *Observer*, gives a singularly illuminating account of their methods. The Tariff Reform League, he says, has "learnt by experience how to make a consummate use of money." Mr. T. W. A. Bagley, the Secretary of the League, shed the insipid traditions of the nineteenth century during "an adventurous life in West Africa and elsewhere." He has organised an altogether new body of political workers whom, with a recollection of West Africa, he calls "Missionaries." "These men," we are told, "move through the constituencies, live in the villages, engage individuals in casual conversation. . . ." I had heard of them before, and of their remarkable political efficiency. Being in fact paid agents, they are taken by those with whom they "engage in casual conversation," to be laborers or tramping artisans like themselves. Talking to men who are off their guard they get the advantage, known to all psychologists and mesmerists, of implanting ideas by "suggestion" rather than by argument. The dodge would be considered disreputable if it were used to advertise an aperient pill; but all's fair in war.

The effect of "suggestion" depends very largely upon apparently undesigned coincidence, and for producing this the licensing arrangements which have grown out of our eighteenth century temperance legislation are almost ideally suited. The casual conversations of the "Missionaries" take place, one supposes, mostly in public-houses, and the "tied-house" system has brought it about that a few rich men in London can order nearly all the publicans in England to put, every morning, the same bills in their windows, and to make the same unpremeditated remarks about Mr. Lloyd George to their customers.



But all these are comparatively quiet methods, suitable for the years between one election and another. One learns from the "Observer" that Mr. T. W. A. Bagley also invented for the actual election-period the "whirlwind campaign" methods which produced the "swallowing wave" of Peckham. What the coming campaign will be like one can already gather in part from the big posters which are appearing on the most expensive hoardings in London. I remember that nearly a quarter of a century ago Bernard Shaw was asked to speak at an unemployed meeting. He was at that time not very much more prosperous than some of those who would have heard him. But he answered, "No, as long as I have a watch in my pocket which I do not intend to pawn, I will not pretend sympathy with men who are actually hungry." No such scruples have influenced the "consummate users of money" who pay for these posters. Some cold-blooded young artist a few months ago must have produced a sketch of a man at the last point of starvation and despair. A professional agent said "That will do the trick." Rich men of all shades of opinion, from the few fanatics who really believe that "Tariff Reform" will make unemployment impossible, to the followers of Mr. Balfour who believe that a little Tariff Reform may slightly lessen unemployment, and those who agree with Lord Rothschild that Tariff Reform must increase unemployment will all subscribe to organisations issuing these and similar posters with gramophone records to correspond.

Since the town working men cannot be individually intimidated, every effort will be made to excite and confuse their elemental instincts. Fear will come first, fear of the unknown causes which produce depressions of trade and make life in mean streets a hell. Next will come the fighting instinct, directed, now against Germany and a whole world of imaginary enemies whom the result of the campaign may turn into real enemies, and now against the other side in the sporting contest of the election. An attempt will be made, as the day of the poll draws near, to turn every urban constituency into a Peckham, where instinct and habit, argument and fact are merged in a half serious medley of subsidised noise.

The moral and social questions raised by the new electioneering are not, of course, confined to one election or one party or one country. When Mr. Garvin declares triumphantly, "In modern politics, as in modern war, it is the 'Machine,' in the best sense of the word, that wins," he is consciously using an American term for methods avowedly copied from the organisations which American millionaires more or less willingly support. When our agrarians try to work up a national hatred of Germany in order to accuse social reformers of a want of patriotism, they use almost the same language for exactly the same purpose as the agrarians of Prussia.

What is, however, new in English Democratic politics is the almost open way in which rich men are now urged to pay for the winning argument whether they believe in it or not. In the course of a general appeal to his party, Mr. Garvin says: "The constitutional balance which the Budget also attempted to overturn once for all is a supreme issue in itself; but it will not be saved by merely constitutional arguments. Tariff Reform is what the masses understand; Tariff Reform is what the masses want. The Tariff Reform League is the agency by which the masses can be most effectually moved. Copy it—Work with it—Pay to it."

Equally new and even more sinister is the actual delight with which some of our electioneering "overmen" contemplate the process of manufacturing opinion for the advantage, not of those who vote, but of those who pay. Mr. A. A. Baumann, in the "Fortnightly" for October, first says: "I rejoice at the power of money in politics," and then, quoting a sentence from a book of my own as to the skill in the production of opinion now to be bought, urges that the English rich men should buy that skill more lavishly and so "use their enormous money power in a scientific manner." He apparently no more feels anything disgraceful in the suggestion than would Juvenal's "Graeculus Esuriens," or a fifteenth-century condottiere. In a circular issued last

August, appealing for support for the Budget Protest League, that body professes to have "introduced the true twentieth-century note in the *ever-fascinating* art of political propaganda." The word which I have italicised is quite horribly significant.

If we on one side complain, we are told that we are merely envious. Mr. Garvin is himself a man of real, though, I believe, unbalanced sincerity. But he heads his article in praise of Mr. T. W. A. Bagley by an anecdote about Bismarck. Bismarck constantly used in peace the ethics of war. He thereby lowered the morale of European diplomacy, diminished permanently the cohesion of the European States, and may ultimately be found to have been responsible for the loss by Europe of the hegemony of civilisation. But Mr. Garvin relates that the Emperor Francis Josef, "when the courtiers were abusing Bismarck, remarked at last, 'I only wish I had him.'"

What is to be done in the presence of this force—the "consummate use of money"—organised, fully conscious, and claiming all the ethical freedom of warfare? That is the central problem of Democracy all the world over. It is useless for the adherents of the popular causes to take to themselves Mr. Garvin's advice to "Copy it." The landlords, and brewers, and financiers, and the makers of guns can always beat us in a contest carried on solely by money and the brains that money can buy.

Nor is it of the least use for the citizens of England, or of countries like Belgium, which have copied the English Constitution, to appeal to those conventions on which that constitution depends. Lord Cawdor, in the Budget debate, openly rejoiced at the fact that the "man in the street" will never recognise the difference between law and convention, or accept, for instance, the view that a Bill can come before the Lords for their consent which they are not free to reject. Convention did very well in England as long as it regulated the relations between two aristocratic parties. But when one party begins to make a scientific use of its money power in the style of Peckham, convention necessarily goes down the wind.

Obviously, therefore, we must use the opportunity the Lords have given us to create a constitution which seems to be that which it is. We may never again get so clear an issue to fight on—for the whole strategy of a privileged aristocracy in a democratic country is to prevent clear issues arising—and we must make the most of our chance. At this election, if not in Peckham, at least in the manufacturing towns and villages of the North, men can be made to hear above the gramophone and the brass bands the question, "Who pays for this?"

If we win, something may be done, and should be at once undertaken, to diminish the number and money-power of the "interests" who find it worth while to pay for the professional manufacture of political motive. The present position, for instance, of the drink monopoly, irritated by attack, but never prevented from standing to win enormous sums by a single electoral victory, surely constitutes an unnecessary danger.

In Germany the Social Democrats have fought the "scientific use of money" by building up a working-class nation within a nation, with a literature, a philosophy, a technical language, and a discipline of its own, fenced off from all outside influences whether sincere or insincere. They succeeded in standing against the organised hysteria of 1907, and will enormously improve their position in 1911. There are forces in England which will produce the same result if there is no other way, though I believe that that result involves a danger, both to the general intellectual life of the country, and to the possibility of peaceful social change, which is too serious to be lightly faced.

In America, the birth-place of those "machine-politics" which Mr. Garvin welcomes to England, men seem to despair of any defence against them except a moral change. We know too little of the great movements of the human mind to think as yet of such a change except as lying on the knees of the gods. But in many fields of life the ethics of peace have overcome at last the ethics of

war, and they may do so even in the new field of our vast impersonal democracies. I dream sometimes of a Tolstoy, who should make our Established Church listen to him, as he says, "The religion of Christ is either true or false, and in either alternative you would do well to reconsider your hopes and fears." But then I remember the speaker at Bermondsey who announced that Mr. Dumphreys had the support of the Church "to a man," and my old colleague Mr. Dumphreys is not at all like Tolstoy.

Sometimes I dream of a movement which, like one of the "philosophies" of the Græco-Roman world, might spread among men of good will in all countries. The philosophy of my dream would recognise all that which students of psychology are telling us, and paid politicians are demonstrating to us, as to the imperfection of our knowledge, the weakness of our wills, and those strange facts in our nature which we can only understand when we remember our kinship with other animals. But upon that recognition it would base an appeal for simplicity as well as kindness in our converse with each other.

Meanwhile, however, we have to deal with Mr. T. W. A. Bagley.

GRAHAM WALLAS.

## The Drama.

### BETTER THAN SARDOU.

If "The House Opposite" had been as strong intellectually as it is structurally, it would have been a very fine play. Even as it stands, it is far above the average in interest and power. The name of its author, Mr. Perceval Landon, is new to me; but I shall look with keen interest for its next appearance in the bills.

Mr. Landon has been reproached with taking a theme out of the "stockpot" of conventional complications. Superficially just, this is substantially a quite unjust accusation. Scores of plays, no doubt, have turned on the difficulties of a man whose "honor rooted in dishonor stands"—who cannot perform some obvious and imperative duty without betraying a woman who has trusted him not wisely but too well. The conflict of normal morality with the abnormal morality which is specifically termed "honor" is, indeed, one of the commonplaces of drama. But is it not one of the commonplaces of criticism that absolute novelty of theme is practically unattainable, and that all we can reasonably require of a dramatist is novelty of development and treatment? This Mr. Landon gives us in full measure. The bare formula of his theme is old, but his scenes are new and telling; and they depend upon studies of character which, though neither so deep nor so clear as they might be, are far from lacking in originality.

Critics who take the "stockpot" view do not seem to have recalled a play which, on the surface, exactly bears out their contention. I refer to Sardou's "Férréol." Here, as in "The House Opposite," we have a murder witnessed by a man who is coming away from a nocturnal meeting with a married woman; here, too, the innocent person accused of the murder remains unseen throughout the play; here, too, the knot is loosed by the confession of the real murderer, but not before the husband of the nocturnal lady has got on the track of the truth. So far the parallel is exact; yet I think there is every probability that Mr. Landon never heard of Sardou's play. At any rate, if you want to see the difference between a human drama and a piece of conventional clockwork, you cannot do better than compare "The House Opposite" with "Férréol." Sardou concentrated all his effort on the ingenious piecing-together of a detective story; in Mr. Landon's play the detective element is kept within the narrowest limits; the details of the actual crime are left entirely in the vague; the event is a mere starting-point for the true action, which consists of the interplay of four characters. At every point the English play is deeper, sincerer, stronger, simpler than the French. "Férréol," it is true, was a poor play even for

Sardou; and I am far from saying or thinking that Mr. Landon is a greater playwright than the author of "Divorçons!" The superiority of his work in this instance merely shows that there is in the air a sounder ideal of drama than there was thirty years ago.

Mr. Landon's first act is admirable. The curtain rises on a dark room: from an inner room a man comes groping his way across the stage, followed by a woman who is evidently assisting him to make a clandestine exit. For a moment they switch on the light, then turn it off again, and continue the scene in the glow which streams from the inner room. He is Richard Cardyne, she Mrs. Rivers; they are alone in the house, save for Mrs. Rivers's maid, who sleeps in a distant attic. Their talk begins as that of lovers after a first assignation. She knows that he is reputed a rake; but half-inadvertently, in his cynical fashion, he shows himself to have been quite recently the lover of a woman she detests; and the sense that she is only the successor to such a woman, the next conquest on a libertine's catalogue, fills her with humiliation. She falls into a passion of remorse and misery which makes her oblivious of everything around her; and, while she is in this paroxysm, we see a light in a window on the opposite side of the street, and we see that Cardyne's attention is strongly attracted by something that is passing there. Presently there is a distant cry of distress, and Cardyne says, "What was that? Did you not hear?" But she remains entirely unconscious of the whole incident, not even having noticed Cardyne's expressions of surprise. She makes him promise never to see her again; and, when he has gone, she slips downstairs to bolt the door after him.

The scene is painful, but true and poignant, quite apart from the incident of the window; and the character of Cardyne is very cleverly shadowed forth. In "Férréol" the action does not begin till the day of the trial; the clandestine meeting is related in retrospect; and, though perhaps culpable in intention, it was innocent in fact, since a providential illness of the lady's child recalled her to a sense of her duties. Férréol and Madame de Bois-Martel, in fact, are two purely conventional puppets invented for the needs of a detective story. There is not an atom of character about them.

The second act of Mr. Landon's play is a little artificial, inasmuch as, for purposes of compression, he apparently confounds the Home Office with Scotland Yard, and makes the story of the murder leak out in ways that are not entirely plausible. But essentially the process of the act is right. Before the end, it is known that an old man who lived opposite has been stabbed in his sleep, and that his housekeeper, Anne Cary, is accused of the crime. Being questioned as to whether she saw or heard anything unusual during the night, Mrs. Rivers replies that she did not. She is thunderstruck, then, when Cardyne tells her that he knows the housekeeper to be innocent, for he saw a man pass the lighted window with what looked like a knife in his hand. Of course, he cannot give this evidence without ruining Mrs. Rivers; nor is it now possible for her to say that she saw the murderer, since she has already declared that she slept quietly all night. But surely it is out of the question that Cardyne should come forward and declare what he knows? He will wait, he tells her, and see whether Anne Cary is acquitted, but, if she is not, he cannot let an innocent woman die to save another's reputation.

Cardyne, in fact, is a cynical Don Juan, with a fear of God lurking somewhere in the background of his mind; and this crude theism of the voluptuary is perhaps truer to type than the atheism of Molière's hero. At any rate, his hard, almost brutally-declared resolve is very different from the frothy hysterics of Férréol, who rushes around in helpless agitation, until at last he does what immortal convention demands, and—without a shadow of plausibility—accuses himself of the crime! It is here, however, that Mr. Landon's psychology begins to lag behind the requirements of his theme. The situation of Mrs. Rivers is really one of the most tragic that can be conceived; and Mr. Landon glides over it with no attempt to show us the struggle which must be rending her heart. There seems, in fact, to be no struggle in the matter;



her one idea is to implore Cardyne to be silent; she seems to have no realisation either of the torture which is being inflicted on an innocent woman for her sake, or of the unspeakable baseness of letting that woman die. That this should be her dominant mood one can readily concede, but not that she should have no moments of revulsion in which she should feel that not even for the sake of her child (I forgot to mention that she has a little daughter) can she take such a burden of guilt upon her soul. There was opportunity here for some subtle and at the same time intensely dramatic writing, which Mr. Landon has not given us. Perhaps the feeling of a 'lost opportunity' is heightened by the fact that the part of Mrs. Rivers is played by Miss Eva Moore. Mr. Landon may possibly have intended to portray in Mrs. Rivers a shallow-souled, unimaginative woman, who would be entirely dominated by the instinct of self-preservation; whereas Miss Moore always impresses one with a sense of depth and firmness of character, capable, indeed, of acute suffering, but scarcely of this ruthless absorption in the desire to save her own skin. It is possible, in short, that the actress is too deep for the character; but it is certain that the character is too shallow for the situation.

I must cut short my analysis, however. An excellent invention in the third act is the French maid's offer to save her mistress's reputation at the expense of her own, which is already not untarnished. This seems to afford a loop-hole of escape; but on examination it is found that the maid's room commands no view of the windows of the house opposite; and the gleam of hope is extinguished in blank despair. The fourth act is the least satisfactory. The French maid, now initiated into the whole situation, appears in the guise of a moralist, and tells her adored mistress that the only course open to her is to face the music. This view she expresses, however, in far more dignified and rather too copious language. Mrs. Rivers, in fact, braces herself up to confess all to her husband, Cardyne promising to stand by her in paying the penalty. So far good; but here they fall to moralising on their case in a way which is neither very probable, nor very edifying, nor very interesting. This middle part of the act drags a good deal, and contains some speeches which are not only unnecessary but pretentious. The end, on the other hand (which I have no space to describe) is very ingenious in conception, but demanded for its full effect, I think, that we should have a clearer idea than had previously been vouchsafed us of the character of the Right Hon. Henry Rivers, K.C., M.P., the heroine's husband. Mr. Waring, at any rate, did not quite succeed in making the scene plausible; and I don't think the fault was altogether his.

Mr. H. B. Irving has done nothing better than his Richard Cardyne. His distinction, his sardonic quietude, his hardness, and yet his suggestion of some finer potentialities in an otherwise very unadmirable character, combined to make a memorable impersonation. The emotional sincerity of Miss Eva Moore's performance was beyond praise; and Miss Dora Barton deserved the applause accorded her in the part of Marie.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

## Letters from Abroad.

### THE ELECTORAL POLICY OF GERMAN SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On the eve of a General Election, where great and far-reaching questions are to be decided, the Labor parties of Great Britain have to settle their electoral policy in regard to this contest. It does not behove an outside comrade to give them uncalled-for advice, not to speak of criticism or worse sorts of interference. But a letter obtained from a friend in your country shows that it may be of use to give them a clear idea of the electoral policy of their German comrades. The international character of the modern Labor movement has as a natural consequence that occasionally the example of

other countries is taken or called into account, and erroneous notions may thus impair the decisions one way or the other.

To understand rightly the electoral policy of the German Social Democratic Party, so far as the Reichstag is concerned, two things must be considered at the outset: the existence of the second ballot and the constitutional rôle of the Reichstag. The Reichstag is not a parliament in the British sense. It does not decide the formation of the government of the country. At a general election in Great Britain the voter goes—or can go—to the poll conscious of the fact that upon *his* vote depends the question which party shall in the coming legislature govern the country, make its laws, direct its administration, and manage its foreign policy. The German elector has for a long time had no such feelings, and could not have them. "After all, we are still only dogs," was the pessimistic sigh of the Liberal leader, Ludwig Bamberger, in the 'seventies, when his party was at its heyday in the Reichstag. Bamberger's saying illustrates best the restricted influence of parties on the government of the Empire. Government has quite a different meaning in Germany and in Great Britain. In the former country the Ministers are the officials of the Federated States, with the Kaiser as the head, and not the nominees of Parliament. Consequently the voter goes to the poll with the feeling that he has to elect a man who shall look after his interests *against* or *before* the Government, which itself is beyond his control. With a grain of salt you may compare it with the feeling of a man who has to choose an attorney to defend him before a court. In England the "court" is to the mass of the people a fixed concept whosoever the judges may be, and the same is in Germany the case with the concept "Government."

It is easy to understand how much this condition of things favors the splitting up of political parties, and this effect is fortified by the system of the second ballot. At the first ballot the voter has a large measure of liberty to cast his vote according to his particular mood or principles. A weakening of the party nearest to his opinions, to the profit of the party most opposed to them can, as a rule, be made good at the second ballot. Hence the much qualified sense of *political* responsibility and the much pronounced sense of *theoretical* and *sectional* duties amongst the German electorate.

The system has been particularly favorable to the formation, development, and rise of the German Social Democratic Party. Its natural struggle towards absolute political independence was in a high degree forwarded by it. There was no great fear of damaging Democratic Liberalism by voting at the first ballot for a Social Democrat. Almost from the outset the party could pronounce the counting of votes its first, and the election of members only its second, or even subsidiary, policy. The party, as far as the first ballot was concerned, was never faced with a tactical problem of great political consequence. At the second ballot it has, as a rule, after its own candidate had been eliminated, voted for the candidates of advanced Liberalism or for Democratic Catholics where such stood against National Liberals of the Bismarckian stamp. But, with one exception only—which happened in 1867 in a Rhenish division—it has never directly or indirectly advised its adherents to vote for a Conservative.

In other words, the political system, combined with the electoral system of the country, offered in Germany very little inducement to drop the policy of independence or particularism in favor of a policy of transactions with neighboring parties. But where other conditions existed, German Social Democracy has by no means been so Doctrinaire as is generally believed.

In opposition to the electoral system for the Reichstag the electoral system for the Prussian Diet, with the three classes of voters and the indirect vote, is almost made for compromise and transaction, particularly in those constituencies where two or three members are to be elected.

When, in the middle of the 'nineties, the German Social Democratic Party reconsidered the question of



taking part in these elections, a minority opposed it at first tooth and nail, just on the ground that electoral successes, under the three-class system, were impossible without transactions, and that these must by all means be resisted. They were, however, beaten by a majority led by August Bebel and the late Ignaz Auer. After a first perfunctory but encouraging trial in 1898, the party in the autumn of 1903 went vigorously into the fight for the Prussian Diet. At a conference in the spring of that year by the whole party in Prussia, it was resolved to make, in those double-barrelled divisions where a great number of Social Democratic electors would be elected at the first or "primitive" poll (URWAHL), support of the Liberals dependent upon their conceding one seat to the Social Democrats, i.e., upon a regular transaction or understanding. And the party has acted accordingly.

In the great division of the suburbs south of Berlin, Teltow-Charlottenburg, which had to elect two members, the Conservatives obtained at the first poll 1,010, the Liberals 836, and the Social Democrats 654 electors, so that the two latter parties combined would have beaten the Conservatives. Then the Social Democratic Electoral Committee of the division wrote a letter to the Liberal Committee telling it that, in accordance with the resolutions of their party as a whole, they were prepared to come to an agreement with them. They would demand from the Liberals the election of one Social Democrat, otherwise they would abstain from voting at the second ballot of the poll of the members, i.e., leave the Liberals alone to their fate. But the Liberals refused, and Conservatism elected its two members.

Things went similarly in Breslau. There three members had to be elected. The Social Democrats declared themselves ready to vote for two Liberals if the Liberals would vote for one Socialist. But, although one of the Liberal candidates, that genuine Radical, Dr. Gothein, was willing to withdraw in favor of a Socialist, the Liberal Committee would not entertain the idea, and here, too, the Conservatives got all the seats.

It is thus quite a mistake to suppose that German Social Democrats have rejected the policy of transaction. In some of the South German States, as Bavaria, Baden, etc., such transactions have actually come to pass when important political questions—a franchise reform, the prevention of a reactionary majority—were at stake. And if in Prussia such an arrangement has not been come to, it is not the unwillingness of the Social Democrats, but the unreadiness of the Prussian Freisinnige which stood in the way. It is realised how the latter have had to pay the penalty of their unreadiness.

No doubt, the policy of transaction or compromise has its dangers for a Socialist party, particularly when the party is still in the process of formation. It must in each case be considered according to the particular conditions of party life and the questions at issue. None the less, it must also be considered free of misconceptions as to what is or has been done abroad.

The growing successes of German Social Democracy are in no small degree due to its traditional policy of never refusing an honorable co-operation in genuine action, for political, industrial, and educational progress.

—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schöneberg, Berlin, December 5th, 1909.

## Letters to the Editor.

### WHERE THE FOREIGNER DOES NOT PAY THE TAX.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As an American contribution to the controversy as to whether the foreigner pays the import duty, I am enclosing you receipts for duty which I paid to-day on three consignments of second-hand books from England. My booksellers' bills for the three consignments amount to £3 8s. 11d. In this amount postage is included; and there were among the books two or three published more than twenty years ago, on which duty is not charged. As you will

see from the enclosed receipts, twelve of my importations were books published within the last twenty years, and the duty on these was three dollars and twenty cents. I paid the duty this morning as I have paid duty on similar importations scores of times within the last three or four years; and as I am a student and not a dealer in books I am always compelled to pay the duty on the retail value. Time and again the duty is arbitrarily assessed at the New York Customs House through which these importations come. But I have no appeal against the assessments of value—certainly no appeal that is of practical use.

Twice I have paid duty on books of my own which have been published in London. I have frequently suggested to the second-hand booksellers in England with whom I have regular dealings that they ought to compromise with me on the twenty-five per cent. duty. I have, however, not yet succeeded in persuading any of them that the "foreigner should pay the tax." I not only pay the tax, but I am compelled by the United States Government to fetch the consignments from the Post Office, although in each case postage has been fully prepaid, and there has been an implied contract with my bookseller in England and the Post Office that the books would be delivered by the United States Post Office. The American Post Office, in short, collects money for a service which it does not perform. Even the Post Office in this country would seem to be run in the interest of protection. It certainly imposes obstacles in the way of the importation of books, by compelling importers to fetch their consignments from the Post Office. I have been importing books in this way for six years. Looking round my shelves, I cannot put my hand on a single book so imported that was published in this country. There is but a limited sale in the United States for books on political science such as I import; and for scarcely one of these books could a market of a hundred copies have been made had it been published in America. I may add that I have had an experience with my tailor similar to that I have described with my booksellers. My tailor simply will not pay the duty or any part of it. A little while ago I imported a suit of clothes for which I paid in England £3 7s. 6d. On this importation I paid as duty eleven dollars and eighty cents. American readers of THE NATION are looking on at this controversy in its columns as to who pays the duty with good-natured amazement; for there is no doubt in the minds of intelligent and disinterested people in this country as to who has paid the duties under the McKinley, the Wilson, the Dingley, and the Payne tariffs.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD PORRITT.

Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

November 24th, 1909.

### MAKING THE FOREIGNER PAY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Haywood did admit that foreigners might pay the import duty, and used it as an argument to show that it would therefore be no protection to our manufactures. "Manufacturer" states "that in exceptional cases the foreigner may pay the whole or part of the tax." What Tariff Reformers say is that where the foreigners' goods compete with an untaxed or less-taxed supply, grown in Britain or the overseas Empire, "that he will be willing to pay, and will pay, part of the import duty rather than lose his market." In some cases, perhaps, he may possibly pay the whole of it.

What "Manufacturer" is challenged to say is "whether he pays the average 72 per cent. on his goods sent to America; if not, what is the percentage, and could he not afford to pay his working people better wages if no import duty had to be paid to the American Government before his goods were allowed to enter the American market?" What are his goods and what is his name and address? Unless we have these particulars we cannot judge his case. He tells us "that we sell to the foreigner the goods he wants." This is exactly what the foreigner will not allow us to do. Mr. Asquith's full statement in 1894 was "that British trade in those days carried on its operations under great, formidable, and increasing difficulties, and that the wall of tariffs which excluded us from foreign markets was every day getting higher and higher." This is just what

has happened, and the misery caused by want of employment has got worse.

"Manufacturer" says "that I forgot to add that American tariff discriminates against the poor." This is the exact reverse of what is the case. America taxes highly the imported luxuries of the rich which the poor never buy, whilst, alcohol and tobacco excepted, we allow all the many luxuries of the rich to come in without paying a halfpenny, and all our import taxation is on food, drink, and tobacco, and the working-classes pay far the greater part of it, and on drink and tobacco far more than the rich in proportion to value. In spite of the heavy taxation on imported luxuries America's import taxation per head is about the same as our own, according to Mr. Lloyd George himself. In America there is no tax on imported tea, coffee, or raw cocoa. In this country the working classes pay millions on these things every year, and as there is no competition with an untaxed supply they do have to pay most probably the whole of the import duty in increased price.

The general report of the Trades Unionists who went to America with the Moseley Committee was "that food was no dearer in America and that the American working-people were decidedly better off than our own."

Want of employment is not only much less in Germany, according to the statistics of both countries, but Trades Unionists and Free Traders who have visited Germany "have shown that German working people are better off than our own." This is surely better evidence than the shilling's worth of the Financial Reform Almanac. If more evidence is wanted of our decline it is surely contained in the fact that about fifty years ago, after our industries had been built up by Protection, we made more iron and steel, manufactured more machinery, mined more coal, and wove more cloth than all the great countries put together; now, after sixty years of so-called Free Trade, Germany alone has beaten us in the production of iron and steel, so has America, and the value of America's manufactures is three times that of our own, and we have Mr. Churchill's statement "of the extreme misery of millions of our people."

I can quite understand Mr. Carnegie advising British people he meets not to have Tariff Reform and Preference, because he said "that he would do anything in his power to prevent Mr. Chamberlain's scheme being adopted, because it would take Canada's market away from America and give it to Great Britain, and it was not likely that he was going to allow that if he could prevent it." He also said, at St. Andrew's University in 1902, "that Americans, because of their large home market, could and did send their surplus goods abroad at less than cost price, and pointed to the making of agricultural machinery as a case in which Americans had triumphed so much that one manufacturer in America then made more machines than all those in Britain put together, because Britain's market was open and free to them." As America pays about double our wages, how much easier can other nations do this, paying the same or less wages? America's exports on the whole are increasing faster than ours, but she does not require to export so much, because she has such an enormous home market which she rightly protects from unfair foreign competition.

"Manufacturer" says "that Imperial Preference is a glorified hypocrisy," yet Mr. Lloyd George at the Conference said "it gave British manufacturers an enormous advantage," and Mr. Asquith also acknowledged "how much it had helped us." Why did Mr. Barnard, the Free Trade Liberal member for Kidderminster, head a deputation to beg the Australians for a preference for British carpets, and Mr. Lloyd George (as reported) also beg for a preference for our slates, if tariffs and preference make no difference?

"I feel that I have trespassed as much as I dare on your space, but may I, in concluding, ask for an answer as to why Lord Morley said it was a matter of life and death to us to persuade other nations to adopt Free Trade? As it is necessary to raise money by import taxation, why is it right to raise most of it by very heavy taxation on the necessities and simple luxuries of the poor, whilst almost all the luxuries of the rich are let in without paying a halfpenny? What is the sense of taxing our own people about 10 to 15 per cent. on all they produce for the upkeep of our country and market, whilst we allow foreigners to send their

goods into this same market without paying a halfpenny?

Is it true or not that, if we allow subsidised surplus and bounty-fed foreign goods to come in here so cheap that we cannot produce them if our people are to earn good wages, this must mean unemployment or cheap underpaid men and women?

Are Free Traders willing that our industries and working people shall be ruined by the cheap imported manufactured goods and agricultural produce from China and Japan, where yellow men and yellow women can and do work for, and live on, wages so low that it is quite impossible for our white men and women to compete with them. Is it not true that this kind of cheapness is bound to ruin us because we are not a cheap race? Why are the rapidly diminishing number of our Free Traders so much wiser than the people of all the other great countries, and of our own Colonies, who so strongly believe in and practise the system of protecting their own industries and working people from unfair foreign competition?—Yours, &c.,

ROWLAND HUNT.

December 7th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Rowland Hunt, is clearly of opinion that people living in a country under Tariff Reform are able to buy from the foreigner cheaper than people who live under Free Trade.

This is obviously what Mr. Hunt means by taxing the foreigner.

I had occasion last year to inquire the price of Argentine wheat in London and Berlin on a given date, with the following result: On December 29th last the price of Argentine wheat in Berlin per 480 lbs. was 50s. 6d., and in London the price of the same wheat on the same date was 37s. So as to place the matter beyond the shadow of a doubt I repeated my inquiry on January 2nd, and I found that the difference in price was identical. The tax on wheat in Germany is 11s. 10d. It will be seen from the above figures that the purchaser of the Argentine wheat in Germany pays not only the whole of the tax, but an additional 1s. 8d. If the Germans cannot under Tariff Reform make the foreigner take less for his commodities, what ground have we for believing that we shall succeed where Germany has failed?—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR ARONSON.

The Mill House, Chipperfield, King's Langley,  
December 1st, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is surprising that any intelligent person can maintain that the foreigner pays the duty—I would recommend for Mr. Hunt's perusal the pamphlet "Taxing the Foreigner," price one penny, issued by the Free Trade Union. It deserves the widest circulation, for it completely explodes the Tariff Reformer's fiction that the importer pays the duty.—Yours, &c.,

F. CARDEW.

Tudor Cottage, Whitechurch, Oxon,  
December 7th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If Mr. Hunt and his friends are going to raise so much money for the State by means of a moderate tariff, thereby allowing the taxed goods to enter our ports and markets, they have no right to go up and down the country promising, on all hands and to all conceivable industries, more work and higher wages for the workers. If the foreigner pays, his goods will come in at the same prices after the imposition of the duty as before, and the "ruined industries" are no whit affected.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE M. COTTON.

9, Bruntsfield Crescent, Edinburgh,  
December 1st, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Rowland Hunt in his letter of last week raises many points I would like to answer, but this would mean trespassing upon your space. I, therefore, take one paragraph and deal with it alone.

Mr. Hunt speaks of an import of £140,000,000 "manu-



factures." and contemplates the possibility of excluding £70,000,000, making these in this country, and taxing the other half, presumably by the imposition of a tax averaging 10 per cent., graduated by the work factor in the goods in question.

(1) Mr. Hunt makes no allowance for the £23,000,000 of these goods which are re-exported, of which Mr. Chamberlain has said there must be a compensating rebate, as in other countries, so as not to handicap the home re-export trade. This item would assuredly grow as it has done in other countries, because the manufacturer would naturally seek to use foreign materials for the production of the goods exported, seeing that by so doing he would secure the 10 per cent. rebate. This would be to the detriment of our home manufacturers.

(2) Mr. Hunt ignores the question of Colonial Preference, which we have been led to understand is an integral part of the Tariff Reformer's proposals. It is difficult to say what value of Colonial goods are re-exported, because they are not divided in the returns, but £9,000,000 of the £140,000,000 re-exported would be a safe estimate.

(3) Mr. Hunt makes no allowance for cost of Customs collection. Our present cost of collection is nearly £1,000,000, but this is on very few articles. The proposal to differentiate duties according to the labor factor involves a division of articles upon which duty would be collected of at least forty times as many as at present. I do not suggest that the cost of collection would be multiplied in this proportion, but no one acquainted with the cost in Protectionist countries will be prepared to challenge an estimate of £2,000,000. It must be remembered that, according to Mr. Balfour, the duties are to be low and widely spread; both conditions would go to increase the proportionate charge. Nor would the cost of collection be the only, or, perhaps, the principal item. Provision in the estimate would have to be made for the giving of Colonial Preference, the examination and payment of the claims for rebate, as well as the large capital expenditure for extra Customs Houses and other paraphernalia. This £2,000,000 (or whatever the correct figure be) is all for unproductive labor; it does not add a brass button to the comforts of life, and means that the feeding, clothing, housing, &c., of the army of civil servants is cast upon other workers. The only thing it does is to "make work," which appears to be the principal object of Tariff Reformers. They seem to be oblivious of the fact that it is not work in itself that is wanted, but the products of work, and that if work produces nothing it is economic, national, and individual waste.

(4) Mr. Hunt cannot have carefully examined the details of the £140,000,000 of "manufactures." In the Board of Trade Returns the goods are described as goods "wholly or mainly manufactured"; but even this description is very misleading. When we examine these goods in detail we find at least half are raw materials for home manufacture, which are excluded from taxation under the proposals of Tariff Reformers, and could not be manufactured economically in this country. I have selected the following goods which are materials for our home manufactures. They do not by any means exhaust the list included in manufactured articles, but embrace the principal.

Zinc (crude), copper, lead (pig and sheet), tin (in blocks, &c.), wool and yarn, chemicals, leather, paper, paraffin wax, oil seed cakes, stone slabs and marble, blooms, billets, and slabs, cotton yarns and waste, skin and furs. Total value, £53,824,073.

It may be contended that a portion of the above, although raw material for our manufactures, might economically be made here, and in harmony with the general principles advanced might be subject to a moderate duty. I contend that scarcely any of the above goods could economically be manufactured here, principally because of the cost of carriage on the raw material from abroad. For example, the wood from Slavonia, to make tanning extract, weighs six times as much as the extract produced and imported. While some small proportion of the articles in the list might be subjected to a low duty, many others which go to feed our manufactures are omitted, and ought not, for this reason, to be subject to the full ten per cent. duty. I have, however, allowed for a five per cent. duty a quarter of the £53,000,000, but this, of course, would be reduced by the proportion of goods made here as desired and intended.

I summarise the figures as follows:—

Imports of "Wholly and Mainly Manufactured goods," 1908	£143,000,000
Products in elementary stage of manufacture included in above	£53,000,000
Manufactured Goods from Colonies free	9,000,000
	£2,000,000
Half of these, according to Mr. Rowland Hunt, excluded by duty, leaves	40,500,000
10 per cent. tax would yield	4,050,000
Add 5 per cent. on £14,000,000, as suggested	700,000
	4,750,000
Deduct rebate on Re-exported	£2,300,000
Cost of Collection, distribution of Rebate, &c.	2,000,000
	4,300,000
	4,300,000
Net balance for Exchequer	£450,000

No doubt this is a rough calculation, and Mr. Hunt, or anyone else, could easily criticise it in detail, but I challenge him to show wherein any of the figures could be materially altered. It clearly shows that, taking the Tariff Reform basis of taxation and rebates on "manufactured" goods, the balance for the Exchequer would not be half a million.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES E. PARKER.

Penketh, Warrington,  
November 29th, 1909.

## STANLEY AND JOSEPH THOMSON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of November 27th you publish a letter, signed A. Werner; he writes, "Why did Stanley select men with no special qualifications and no previous experience of African travel, when he might have had the services of Joseph Thomson, for instance? The answer lies in one fatal weakness—he was not great enough to endure another near the throne." This is only another instance of the persistent calumny by which Stanley was assailed.

Stanley made no objection whatever to having Joseph Thomson under him on the Emin Relief Expedition.

The following is copied from the minutes of the British East African Company, January 19th, 1887:—

"Telegram from Mr. Thomson, offering his services unreservedly to Mr. Stanley.

"Committee decided that as the offer came so very late, and as Mr. Stanley's staff had been selected, the offer to be declined with thanks."

Stanley had already left England, and was hurrying to Zanzibar to recruit his carriers; he had nothing to do with the refusal of the Company.

Mr. Werner is "puzzled to know who the enemy were to whom Emin went over," and asks "in what sense Germany could be called the enemy?"

It was not Stanley who referred to the Germans as "the enemy," but the reviewer, obviously speaking metaphorically.

As an instance, however, of German courtesy, I may mention that all my private letters to Stanley, during the expedition, were deliberately slit open by the Germans, and returned to Stanley—many months after we were married—with a comment, in German, written across each envelope!

German friendliness is apparent.—Yours, &c.,

DOROTHY STANLEY.

2, Whitehall Court, S.W.

December 5th, 1909.

## "ON THE FORGOTTEN ROAD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It usually sounds a little shrill if one attempts to question a reviewer's word, but it appears to me that when he says my book, "On the Forgotten Road" is "rather unsympathetic and disjointed," your reviewer is complaining of my coals because they are too black.

It is certain that if your reviewer would describe for us, in his turn, the Crusade of Children, he would make a book far different from mine; for he is not a mediæval farmer, I believe that books that deal with distant periods are better far—other things being equal—if written in the first person. It is not an easy way to write, and I submit, with all respect, that at the very least one should not be condemned because of this endeavor. Clearly, your reviewer would prefer a good

romance. Alas! the farmer was so unromantic; even if he was in the minority, and even if he was quite reprehensible for being such a farmer, it appears to me that he should not be too severely judged for this. If to the lover of romance he seems rather unsympathetic and disjointed, I submit that he has made a fairly good display of his psychology. Some of his critics are so kind as to declare he is a living man; nor has he lived in vain, since he has called from your reviewer such a picturesque, and—if I may say so—beautifully written essay.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY BAERLEIN.

The Bath Club, 34, Dover-street, W.  
December 6th, 1909.

#### A DECIVILISED CLASS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—You state in *THE NATION* of December 4th that "at Harrow" boys are "blooded by assisting at the breaking up of hares."

There is absolutely no truth in this statement. Pity so philosophical and sympathetic a writer as the one who describes "a decivilised class" cannot stick to facts.—Yours &c.,

R. SOMERVILLE.

Harrow, December 9th, 1909.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The article in your last issue entitled, "A Decivilised Class," contains a misstatement which I should like to correct. The writer, speaking of the influences making for barbarism among the wealthy classes, says, "At Harrow he (the upper class youth) is 'blooded' by assisting in the 'breaking up' of hares." There is absolutely no hunting or "sport" of any kind available to Harrow boys. The whole surrounding neighbourhood is, indeed, quite unsuited to such pastimes.

It is a pity the writer should have made such a blunder, as it will lead readers who are public school men to suspect that he is not merely out of sympathy, but also out of touch, with public schools, and knows very little about them; though I do not go so far as to assert that this is the case.

So far as I know, Eton is the only public school where there are facilities for "sport." The number of undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge who indulge in this form of exercise during term time is also fairly small. These considerations suggest that it is the country homes rather than the places of education that have fostered the sporting tendencies which the writer deplores. "Sport," in all its forms, good and bad, was the staple industry of the country-house long before the "barbarians" took to sending their children as a matter of course to public schools and Universities.—Yours, &c.,

D. C. S.

December 4th, 1909.

[The attribution of these sports to Harrow was an error which we regret.—ED., *NATION*.]

#### THE LOGIC OF LORD REVELSTOKE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It was an agreeable study and a pleasant recreation to read your article in this week's *NATION* on the "Logic of Lord Revelstoke." As a study it was interesting as containing candid admissions with a reserve of party bias; as a recreation it was tempting to fill in personal reflections which, of course, did not occur to the writer of the article; and therefore, with your permission, I propose to offer a few observations on the matter in question, and must leave it entirely to your discretion as to whether you should publish them. My credentials to your consideration are a thirty years' experience of the stock markets, and hitherto a consistent abstention from party politics.

I agree with many of your conclusions in the article in question; at the same time I differ on many essential points. The fall in Consols was, to my mind, inevitable, and is only in a remote degree connected with party politics. There are, in my opinion, three main causes, and it is difficult to apportion their respective influences; but I should place them as follows:—

- (a) Reduction of interest from 3 per cent. to 2½ per cent.
- (b) The creation of Colonial and Municipal Stocks to rank as Trustee investments.
- (c) The issue of Irish Land Stock.

These three are, to my mind, the predominant causes of

the fall in Consols, but there are others of less degree, viz.:—

- (a) The issue of Stock consequent on the Boer War; and
- (b) The insistent demand by foreign countries for loans during the last ten years.

It is hardly open to any fair-minded man to deny that the above are the contributing causes of the decline in Consols. Unfortunately, we are still under the burden of the issue of Irish Land Stock, and I believe that not even the crude and premature scheme of Old Age Pensions of the present Government is more to be condemned than the vicious and financially unsound Irish Land Purchase Bill of Mr. Wyndham. Why the British taxpayer should become a party to buying Irish land—that is to say, a depreciated and unsaleable article at an enhanced and fictitious (practically speaking) price—I have never been able to understand, nor have I ever seen in any journal a serious financial argument in its favor; but this is a digression, and we return to our securities.

As I have said, I do not think the price of Consols has been more than slightly affected by the policy of the Government, but when we turn to prices of British securities in general, I am compelled to come to a different conclusion. A "miasma" (to adopt Lord Rosebery's term) has spread over all the English securities in the Stock Exchange List, and I think it cannot be traced to any definite hostile action (with one important exception) on the Government's part, so much as to a want of sympathy with City interests and affairs; a certain derision by Cabinet Ministers of the City's opinions; the scoffing tone adopted by the Prime Minister in respect of the export of capital, and of the Chancellor in regard to the utterances and views of Lord Rothschild—whose opinion, at any rate, the City values very highly—and (the important exception referred to above) the vigorous attack on £200,000,000 of capital by the Licensing Bill; and it is only the bare assertion of the truth when I state there is in the City a profound want of confidence in the justice and equity of the Government. It may be unjustifiable, but it exists, and it is a very serious matter for the holders of English securities.

Is this feeling of insecurity astonishing? We have had personal attacks by Mr. Lloyd George on Lord Rothschild, the head of the City; we have had the Limehouse speech directed against property owners generally, and embodying Socialism under the guise of social reforms; we have had Mr. Ure declaring that the land really belongs to the people; we have had Mr. Runciman expressing his indifference to the fate of the brewery shareholder because he (the brewery shareholder) has assisted by his money to provide the liquor that has "sent many a human soul to perdition"; therefore the brewery shareholder's property may be wrecked or depreciated because his money is, according to Mr. Runciman, in an immoral trade; we have had Mr. Churchill declaring that in regard to future taxation the "origin" of individual wealth must be looked at; a novel, insidious and hypocritical suggestion. In short, what with the fiery speeches of Mr. Lloyd George, the mocking references of Mr. Asquith, the questionable commercial morality of Mr. Runciman, and the alarming suggestion as to the "origin" of wealth by Mr. Churchill, it is not astonishing that the investor in English securities is timid and that he should decide that his capital is safer in other countries where these startling theories are not adumbrated.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked by Conservative politicians as to the export of capital, and Lord Rosebery made a most unfortunate slip when he spoke of ships leaving this country "ballasted with bonds." His statement destroyed his argument. The export of capital is not to be regretted for a moment; it means orders for the manufacturers in this country; it means a good rate of interest for the capitalist who lends the money and who lives and spends the income here. Therefore the export of capital is a healthy sign unless it indicates a want of confidence at home, and this, unfortunately, is the position in the United Kingdom to-day. It is useless to deny it; anyone who mixes in City life must recognise it as a fact. Lord Rothschild was only stating the truth when he asserted that it is "difficult if not impossible to get money for even the best English enterprise."

I presume anyone will admit that the great English railways must be included in the class to which Lord Roths-



child refers, and it has been stated by railway chairmen on more than one occasion that in the present state of doubt as regards English securities an appeal for money on reasonable terms by any great English railway would almost certainly have proved unavailing. Even if the railways tried to get a Bill through the House of Commons in order to effect economies, the Bill was regarded with the greatest suspicion, and it was only by granting concessions nullifying the economies aimed at that the companies received the assistance of the Government. In fact, it was generally agreed by all the great railway companies that what with the hostility of the Labor Party and the suspicions of the Radical Party, nothing could be achieved by proceeding with any Bill whatever.

That is how the matter stands, and what applies to the great industries applies equally to those of less importance. The public will not put up money for English enterprise, because they are alarmed and because they see no adequate compensation for the risk they are invited to take; always having to bear in mind the hostility—veiled or otherwise—of Radicals to capital.

Wealth is only confidence, and represented by a vast structure of credit which can be maintained only so long as its foundations remain sound and unimpaired; it is a structure reared on a slender basis of gold; it is ever growing, and its architects are ever busy. As it becomes larger so it becomes more sensitive to unfavorable influences, and it stands to-day the most stupendous monument of human effort, a mighty fabric, fragile as a piece of porcelain, yet in effect a colossus, maintained only so long as the confidence of its builders remains firm; doomed to-morrow to sudden destruction if the hands of ignorance are permitted to interfere with any of its component parts.

There is an appalling responsibility resting on any Government which does not give its condition and its destiny the most profound and anxious consideration.

*Does danger threaten it to-day?—Yours, &c.,*

H. PETERS BONE.

December 5th, 1909.

[We deal in the Diary of the Week with the arguments put forward by our correspondent.—ED. NATION.]

#### THE ULTIMATE BASIS OF AUTHORITY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Confronted with Hume and Professor Dicey, Dr. Massie lets Hume alone, and appeals from Professor Dicey the philosopher to Mr. Dicey the pamphleteer. Considering that Professor Dicey is not a suffragist, his philosophical principles can, he argues, have no reference to the case of women. Unhappily for his consistency Dr. Massie has appealed to Mr. Bryce, and on the question of the precedence of woman suffrage Mr. Bryce is against him. In the "American Commonwealth" (Vol. III., p. 303), after discussing the American aspects of the question, Dr. Massie's authority concludes: "To a European observer the question seems one rather of social than of political moment. If he saw little reason to expect an improvement in politics from the participation of women in elections and their admission to Congress and to high political office, neither does he find much cause for fear." Mr. Bryce has evidently no belief in the substantiality of the fears which are Dr. Massie's excuse for doing injustice.

Dr. Massie is wrong in the belief that when voting, *alias* constitutional methods, fails, physical force in the shape of armed troops is the necessary resort for the beaten side. The early Christian Church never drew the sword; but its tactics of passive resistance ultimately beat down the throne of the Caesars.

The whole history of Europe up to the democratic era proves, as Hume saw, that Governments, so far as the bulk of their subjects were concerned, did not rest on force at all; but on the consent of the governed. Such force as they possessed could only be successfully used against small minorities of rebels or wrongdoers. Dr. Massie's idea of the two sexes ranged in hostile camps is impossible seeing that men and women, unlike Puritans and Catholics, do not repel but attract each other. Further, in this country they are educated under a Christian civilisation, and both have some rough idea of duty to the commonweal.

Funniest of all, however, is his argument from war

which he imagines to be a purely male affair. What about nurses? *Ceteris paribus* in a modern campaign, the nation whose women were willing to go to the front as nurses would beat the nation whose women were unwilling to take their part in war. Therefore, on Dr. Massie's principles, women should have a voting power equivalent to the services they render as military nurses.

In conclusion I would remind Dr. Massie of St. Augustine's words, "Remota justitia quid regna nisi magna latrocinia." If his analysis of the State is correct, if the modern State be an institution forced *ex necessitate rei* to oppress the weak by (*inter alia*) taxing them against their will, how can any Christian man see in it a means of social justice? Better go back to the Hildebrandine Papacy!

—Yours, &c.,

LIBERAL VOTER.

December 8th, 1909.

#### Poetry.

##### A MASTER SPEAKS.

THE hooter sounds, the gates are flung  
Wide open on the factory yard.  
The windy sunset glimmers, barred  
With spouting vapors, whirled and swung.  
Though all the roofs are bright with rain,  
A lake of sky is shining down  
Unclouded, on the broods of town,  
Who fill the hollow streets again.  
Women and men, the factory hands  
Troop out, a listless, dingy crew.  
But here and there a muttering few  
Make halt, in little sullen bands.  
Who cares? Let all the shambling rout,  
—Too slack to work, too dull to fight—  
Strike if they choose! to-morrow night  
A thousand keep this thousand out.  
Just such another crowd as they  
Will come, their sickly faces drawn,  
And death-like, on the sharp white dawn,  
To labor through the humming day;  
Receiving—what their toil is worth!  
I cannot give to youth or age,  
More than the iron laws of wage  
Allow, which know not ease or dearth.  
Mechanical my profits flow  
From these men's number, from their need.  
Since they will gamble, drink, and breed  
New swarms—they serve my purpose so.  
These stale, town-rotten crowds are born  
To slave! if one of them would rule,  
He fights up through a bitter school  
(As I can tell), from night to morn.  
I stood alone, a man at last!  
These follow some chance leader's tongue,  
And drift, like idle vapors swung  
Between the wind and furnace-blast.  
Between his power and mine they swing,  
Irresolute, half-cunning, slow,  
He has not proved them yet; I know  
The soil that bred them, whence I spring.  
They form no moving whole; they break  
Away, in jealous, single claims.  
Mean self-defence and narrowest aims  
Build up the laws that they would make.  
They pass, with dull and lowering eye,  
Each sight that patriot impulse thrills;  
They go untouched by all that fills  
The purposes of earth and sky;  
Yet have not even the honest pride  
Of work, which surely moves a clean,  
Swift whirring, competent machine!  
—Far less than many an engine tried  
I hold them, and am justified.

ROSALIND TRAVERS.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Hindrances to Good Citizenship." By James Bryce. (Frowde. 6s. net.)
- "Time's Laughing Stocks, and Other Verses." By Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)
- "Memories of Sir Walter Scott." By James Skene. Edited by Basil Thomson. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Science and Religion in Contemporary Philosophy." By Emile Boutroux. (Duckworth. 8s. net.)
- "The Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt." By W. M. Flinders Petrie. (Foulis. 5s. net.)
- "England, and Other Poems." By Laurence Binyon. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Life and Letters of Susan Warner." Edited by her sister, Anna B. Warner. (Putnam. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Idea of a Free Church." By Henry Sturt. (Walter Scott. 5s.)
- "Memorials of His Time." By Lord Cockburn. (Foulis. 6s. net.)
- "Light Come, Light Go—Gambling, Gamesters, Wagers." By Ralph Nevill. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)
- "La Faculté de Théologie de Paris et ses Docteurs les plus célèbres." Tome Septième. XVIIIe. Siècle. Par P. Férét. (Paris: Picard. 7 fr. 50.)
- "Heures d'Italie." Par Gabriel Faure. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Avant et Après Sadowa." Par J. de Chambrier. (Paris: Fontemoing. 3 fr. 50.)
- "La Flambee." Roman. Par Henri de Régnier. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.)

A NUMBER of letters, written by Alfred de Musset to an unknown lady, will be published in Paris early in the New Year. At the time of de Musset's death the recipient of the letters wanted to have them destroyed, but she was persuaded by M. Jules Troubat, one of Sainte-Beuve's secretaries, to allow them to be preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale. Her consent was, however, subject to the conditions that the correspondence should not be published for a space of thirty years, and that nothing likely to identify her should then be printed. The thirty years expire on January 3rd, and already Parisian editors and publishers are plotting and counterplotting to secure first publication of the letters.

SOME other letters of special promise are to be published shortly in the "Atlantic Monthly." These consist of a series written from Japan by Lafcadio Hearn, and are likely to prove a valuable supplement to the earlier collection. Hearn takes high rank as a letter writer, and the coming publication will be awaited with interest.

IF the Johnson bi-centenary has called forth no fresh study of Dr. Johnson himself, it has at least seen the publication of two books devoted to Mrs. Thrale, the friend to whom he wrote that her kindness had "soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched." The first of these is an abridged edition of Abraham Hayward's "Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. (Thrale) Piozzi," first issued in January, 1861, or at Christmas, 1860. In its new form it bears the title "Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale," and is published by Messrs. Foulis, of Edinburgh. Its editor, Mr. J. H. Lobban, omits Hayward's biographical and critical essay as dealing largely with outworn controversies, but he retains the extracts from Mrs. Piozzi's writings which Hayward incorporated, and shows skill in re-grouping the materials of Hayward's volumes. Students of the period will be glad to have in handy and attractive form the pith of a work which, though of great interest, is now difficult to procure.

THE other book is intended to supplement Hayward, and is issued by Mr. John Lane under the title of "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale." It contains Mrs. Thrale's hitherto unpublished journal of the Welsh tour made with Dr. Johnson in 1774, a reprint of Johnson's diary of the same tour, and a number of fresh letters written by Mrs. Thrale and others belonging to the Streatham coterie. Mr. A. M. Broadley, who edits the volume, is to be congratulated upon the wealth of Johnsoniana to be found in his library at Bridport. A

note in the Introduction suggests that further instalments of Mrs. Thrale's correspondence may see the light, for we are informed that there are two important collections of Piozzi letters in Wales which still await an editor. The journal of Mrs. Thrale, which is to some extent the basis of the present volume, will be eagerly read by students of the minutiae of Johnson's life, though it is not likely to appeal very forcibly to the general reader. Of greater interest is the material contained in the chapter on the Streatham group. Concerning the members of that famous circle, Mr. Broadley gossips in entertaining fashion, and adds something to our knowledge of the habits and haunts of Johnson, the Thrales, Sir William Pepys, the Burneys, and Arthur Murphy. But the best part of the book is the long "Essay Introductory," which comes from the pen of that arch-introducer, Mr. Thomas Seccombe. Mr. Seccombe is by many people supposed to have taken all literary biography for his province, but he is especially well equipped to write upon anything relating to Dr. Johnson. We find him here breaking a lance upon behalf of Mrs. Thrale's right to marry Piozzi, and his judicious examination of the whole question leaves little further to be said. He betrays a marked *tendresse* for the Thrale-Piozzis, speaks of "the plastic serenity, the delicate banter, the placable judgment of her Indian summer," and finally dismisses her to "the position she envied as a bookmark in the 'Biographia Litteraria.'"

MENTION of Hayward stirs one to some wonder that so brilliant a man of letters and so capable a biographer is still without the distinction of a biography. In politics, in letters, and in society he had an undoubted influence. He was on intimate terms with Dumas, Guizot, De Tocqueville, and Thiers, as well as with most English statesmen of the time. He was a great diner-out, and his essay on "Gastronomy," contributed to the "Quarterly Review" during its heyday, is almost a classic. Hayward had, unfortunately for his financial success, an extraordinary gift for making enemies. He rendered valuable service to the Peelites by his leaders in the "Morning Chronicle," where amongst others Mrs. Norton and Professor Goldwin Smith were his associates, but, though both Palmerston and Aberdeen admitted that he deserved some reward, his enemies prevented his appointment to a quasi-sinecure. One of these enemies was Disraeli, whom Hayward offended by discovering a classic plagiarism—the fact that an eloquent passage in the official eulogy of Wellington was borrowed from Thiers's funeral panegyric on General St. Cyr.

MR. W. H. WOODWARD, formerly a professor in the University of Liverpool, is preparing a biography of Caesar Borgia. The work is based partly on published documents and partly on fresh material discovered by Mr. Woodward in the Archivio Segreto of the Vatican.

A book called "Woman's Work in English Fiction" is announced for early publication by Messrs. Putnam. Its author, Miss Clara Whitmore, examines the influence which some lesser women novelists had upon Scott and other masters of fiction, while she also studies the part played by such writers as Jane Austen, George Eliot, and the Brontës in the development of the modern English novel.

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR has written a new novel, called "Samuel the Seeker," which will appear early in the spring. About the same time two books upon which Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has been working during the past year will also be published. Another volume announced for early publication is "Corporal Sam, and Other Stories," by Mr. Quiller Couch. It deals mainly with adventure, though some of the tales treat of Troy Town and its humors.

WE learn from the "Tablet" that Monsignor Baumgarten is writing an important work on the Papal Bulls and Briefs issued from the twelfth century to the present time. He has visited this country in search of materials and found an unexpectedly large number of documents bearing upon his study at the British Museum Record Office.



## Reviews.

## LORD MORLEY'S INDIAN SPEECHES.\*

WHEN reading a book for review, I have been accustomed to work with a red and blue pencil, marking with red what specially commends itself to me, and with blue what I do not like. In the present volume I find nearly every page marked more or less with both colors. The blue marks belong naturally to the defence of repression, and of the deportations without trial or charge, in disregard of the cogent evidence of corruption and malfeasance on the part of the police upon whose initiative such proceedings are based. Again, there is the refusal to modify the "settled fact" of the Bengal partition, although Lord Morley has more than once admitted that he does not think well of it. There is also something like harshness in his attitude towards the "impatient idealists," who, after all, represent the ideals he approves, and who are among his staunchest Parliamentary supporters. The margin of such passages is unavoidably tinged with blue. On the other hand we must mark with bright red his noble advocacy of a just and generous policy, and his vindication of the far-reaching reform scheme, based on the expansion of the Councils in India, both legislative and executive. Also, high recognition is due to the spirit in which he justifies his promotion of Indians to places of real influence and authority, both in his own Council and that of the Viceroy.

In these diverse utterances we seem to hear the voices both of Esau and Jacob. Can these discordant tones be made to harmonise? Among apparently conflicting pleas, can the anxious critic discern a consistent and well-considered course of action? No one who is acquainted with Lord Morley's public career can doubt that during these two years there has existed in his mind a fixed and even rigid line of policy. But the question is, what has been that line of policy? In a characteristic little note which prefaces this volume, he says, "A signal transaction is now taking place in the course of Indian polity. These speeches, with no rhetorical pretensions, contain some of the just, prudent, and necessary points and considerations that have guided this transaction, and helped to secure for it the sanction of Parliament." Here we have a confident claim to a well-considered and successful line of policy; but we are given no particulars. We are referred for guidance to the seven speeches contained in this volume. But portions of these speeches have caused searchings of heart to many of Lord Morley's admirers both in India and this country. I propose therefore briefly to consider the complicated circumstances under which these transactions took place, and to seek for an explanation of what appears obscure. I will also venture a forecast as to the near future. As regards the present position, the general verdict will, no doubt, be that, looking to the chaotic condition of affairs when he took charge, the formidable nature of the opposing forces, and the exigencies of party government, Lord Morley has shown consummate skill in the management of these transactions, and has achieved results of far-reaching benefit to India.

Let us first consider the circumstances under which he took over the vast and multitudinous problems which make up the Indian administration. He thus described the position: "We came in at a perturbed time; we did not find balmy breezes and smooth water. It is notorious that we came into enormous difficulties, which we had not created." This is a mild way of describing the chaos which Lord Curzon left to his successors. At a time when educated India reasonably expected the bounds of freedom to be made wider, he had struck ruthless blows at each of those free institutions which distinguished British rule from Russian despotism. The independence of the Universities, municipal self-government, the freedom of the Press and of public meeting; all these boons appertaining to the British Connection were assailed by reactionary legislation, garnished with Viceregal speeches, which insulted the national self-

respect. These aggressions, culminating in the partition of Bengal, produced throughout India a general exasperation against British rule.

Such was the *damnosa hereditas* bequeathed to Lord Morley. And the intrinsic difficulties of his task were aggravated to an indefinite extent by the fact that he could not, at the outset, choose his own agents in India. He had, perforce, to work through the Simla clique of officials who, during the past five years, had been selected and advanced to positions of power by Lord Curzon as the instruments to carry out his Imperialistic policy of aggression abroad and repression at home. It may be true, as alleged by the "Times" correspondent, that this Simla clique lacked moral courage openly to resist a policy they dislike, that they sat "silent and cowering on the mountain tops." But though conforming outwardly, reactionary officials retained great powers of mischief, holding in their hands two poisoned weapons with which they can strike at Indian reform. Their first resource is to raise a scare in the London Yellow Press, charging the Government with making concessions to outrage, and supineness in the repression of disorder. Such a scare can readily be engineered by their confederates in England, upon whom many journals depend for their Indian editorials. And secondly, they have recourse to the still more sinister device of exciting religious discord among the races of India: the old maxim of *Divide et Impera*.

During the last two years both these modes of attack have been pressed. How has Lord Morley met them? It was in the House of Lords that he had to meet his most formidable opponents; and at the second reading of the Indian Councils Bill he clearly indicated his line of defence, which was "unflinching repression on the one hand, and vigor and good faith in reform on the other." It was when he insisted upon "unflinching repression" that he came into collision with his own political friends. But it is evident that his declaration on this point was the key of his position. He therefore turned almost fiercely upon his friends: "I have no apology to make," he said; and followed this up by denouncing "the cant of unsound and misapplied sentiment, divorced from knowledge and untouched by any cool consideration of the facts." In the same spirit he ridiculed the general application of principles of policy; this, according to his view, was a "most fatal and mischievous fallacy"; "What sophism can be more gross and dangerous?" Then as to those who had aspirations that were too vague, "Some of them are angry with me. Why? Because I have not been able to give them the moon. I have got no moon, and if I had I would not part with it." And in answer to complaints of repressive militarism, he says (speaking at Arbroath): "Does anybody want me to go to London to-morrow morning, and to send a telegram to Lord Kitchener, the Commander-in-Chief in India, and tell him that he is to disband the Indian Army, to send home as fast as he can despatch transports the British contingent of the Army, and bring away the whole of the Civil servants? . . . How should we bear the smarting stings of our own consciences, when, as assuredly we should, we heard through the dark distances the roar and scream of confusion and carnage in India?"

Shall I be wrong in assuming that these somewhat lurid denunciations of the "impatient idealist" formed part of the strategy by which Lord Morley warded off the attack of his philistine opponents? No doubt certain measures against disorder were necessary. But was not his vehement defence of repression and deportation of the nature of a sop to Cerberus, a cake seasoned with poppies and honey, which threw the monster *fiera crudele e diversa* into a timely sleep? We may also hazard the suggestion that the refusal to reconsider the Bengal partition was of the same nature, a temporary sacrifice in order to secure a permanent good. Something of this kind seems to have been in his mind when, on the amendment to the Address, he besought his protesting friends "to try for some sense of balance, instead of allowing their wrath at one particular incident of policy to blot out from their vision all the wide and durable operations to which we have set firm and permanent hands."

That his parliamentary strategy was eminently successful is shown by the results. From beginning to end he carried with him the general public opinion of this country; there was no scare of importance in the Yellow Press; no embarrassment to the Cabinet from Indian affairs; and his

\* "Indian Speeches, 1907-1909." By Viscount Morley. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.

great measure of reform passed through both Houses of Parliament practically without serious attack. My two propositions are (1) that these results were in great measure obtained by his rigid attitude with reference to repression, deportation, and partition; and (2) that this rigor is now no longer required. Hence the forecast I venture is that these three painful matters, which have grieved his supporters, will be re-considered by Lord Morley at an early date. For has he not said that the Indians deported will be detained "not a day, nor one hour, after the specific and particular mischief, with a view to which this drastic proceeding was adopted, had abated"? No legislation is required. The Secretary of State has a free hand; and by a few strokes of his pen he can amnesty the political prisoners; return the deportees to their homes; and give contentment to the people of Bengal.

W. WEDDERBURN.

#### A GREAT ADVENTURE.\*

WHEN Dr. Sven Hedin arrived at Simla three years ago in the early summer of 1906 he had already received assurances of help from Lord Curzon in his projected explorations, and had reason to believe that his journey would be officially acknowledged and supported. It turned out, however, otherwise. Prudently, and certainly wisely, Lord Morley entirely refused to sanction any kind of expedition into the wilds of Tibet. The country was still smarting from the effects of the British march to Lhasa. It was not improbable that the exploring party would be destroyed, and its destruction might easily involve the need for reprisals. Lord Morley had no intention of being inveigled into a "punitive expedition" if he could help it, and he therefore put his foot down firmly. Dr. Sven Hedin was ordered to keep out of the country, and the frontier stations were warned to arrest him if he attempted to force a passage. That the prohibition was justified is unquestionable, though it did not turn the explorer from his object.

From his verandah at Simla Sven Hedin could see in the north the snowy Himalayan crests, white against the blue sky, beyond which lay mysterious Tibet. The action of the Government represented but one obstacle the more in his way. "Of course," he says simply, "I never thought of giving in." At Srinagar, and later at Leh, he fitted out and completed his caravan, telegraphing meanwhile to the Swedish minister in London for passports for Eastern Turkestan, whither he represented himself as bound. His preparations complete, he set out in a northerly direction for the "white horizon and jagged line of mighty Himalayan peaks," and, passing over the crest of the Karakorum range, entered the vast plateau picturesquely known as the Roof of the World. He travelled north for a fortnight, then, turning right-handed, set off on a due westerly course into Tibet, and fetching an immense curve through the heart of the country, descended from the north upon Shigatse and the waters of the Brahmaputra.

The experiences of the first two or three months were among the most arduous undergone, and that not so much from effects of excessive cold as from the rarity of the atmosphere which seems especially to have affected the mules and horses. The altitude of the Chang-lung-yogma pass through which Sven Hedin attained the plateau is close upon 19,000 feet, but the whole of the Tibetan plateau itself is but little lower, and for months the explorer and his companions were to live at a height of between sixteen and eighteen thousand feet. The effects at first were severely felt. Giddiness, palpitation, and extreme lassitude affected the men, and at very short intervals they were forced to stop to recover breath. The animals fared worse, and deaths among them occurred with alarming rapidity. The narrative of these weeks is one of extreme hardship and stubborn endurance. For eighty days the little caravan battles its way through frozen mountain solitudes before it reaches the plains where some signs of sparse and scanty vegetation have attracted the wandering nomad shepherds, and where hopes of supplies and of a temporary rest are verified. Like most men of action Dr. Sven Hedin writes with great restraint, in a perfectly matter of fact style, and without seek-

ing to heighten his descriptions by the slightest degree of literary artifice. The narrative is even apt to be a little bald, and, perhaps, as some readers will think, uneventful in spite of its events. It is from occasional hints and interjected passages that we gather some notion of the essentials of the situation. Helped by these, we reconstruct an image of the scene. We see the vast tumultuous array of white ranges extending on all sides to the uttermost horizon, an "agitated sea of the highest mountains in the world," and in spite of their agitation we feel their curious monotony, a monotony which, in these pages, is likened to the monotony of rows of foaming waves. And through their empty defiles and among the rocks and débris at their feet, yet still at a height where valley and lake are above the level of the summit of Mont Blanc, we watch the little string of men and animals, mere specks in that Gargantuan landscape, toiling slowly and painfully along. Storms buffet and delay them. Their beasts fall from exhaustion and freeze stiff where they fall. They have, for sinister attendants, a little covey of half-a-dozen ravens, and sometimes a few lobbing wolves keep pace with their progress; nor do bird or beast of prey ever go supperless to bed. The prospects of the party were at this time certainly gloomy. It was a question if they would ever reach the plains, and, having reached them, it was a question if the Tibetans would help them or knock them on the head.

That a man under these circumstances could be entirely happy and contented with his surroundings may surprise those who have not taken the trouble to study the temperament of explorers. Dr. Sven Hedin, however, in spite of the cold, the suffering, the exhaustion, and the uncertainty as to the future, evidently enjoyed these months enormously. The reason, of course, is that he is about his own business. He is doing what nature meant him to do. There are men who are, as it were, the antennae, or feelers, of the human species, whose mission it is to investigate, examine, and report, and who in fulfilling this function discover a felicity which no outward circumstances can affect. At Tankse, on the borders of Tibet, Dr. Sven Hedin began upon his first maps, "being," as he says, "the first stroke of a work that for more than two years kept my attention riveted on every inch of the route and on every object that could be seen from it." At the same time geological work was begun, the first specimen consisting of "crystalline schists *in situ*, while the bottom of the valley was still covered with large and small blocks of granite." Henceforth the explorer was exploring and the troubles of the way did not exist for him. If mountains barred the road he took a map of them. If barren rock mocked the hunger of his cattle it enriched his collection of minerals. On one occasion he is all but shipwrecked on Lake Lighten, but his own safety is a secondary consideration, and in preparing for a struggle to the shore his first thought is for the note books in which he has recorded the soundings of the lake.

Six months from his setting out, Dr. Sven Hedin reached Shigatse, and in his chapters describing the town he is able to give us a great deal of interesting and curious information on the habits and manners of the people, their types and costumes, their religious ceremonies and festivals, their gruesome funeral customs, as well as on the architecture and appearance of the town itself. It is, however, on his return journey up the waters of the Brahmaputra and down the course of the Indus that the chief opportunities of the discoverer occur. "Farewell, proud stream," he had exclaimed, when, first entering Tibet, he had lost sight of the current of the Indus. "Though it cost me my life I will find some day thy source over yonder in the forbidden land." The day came when that resolution was to be made good. From Lake Manasarowar Dr. Sven Hedin struck to the northward. The country was dangerous and infested by robbers, but the explorer kept up his spirits in his usual way. "Granite predominates everywhere," he observes comfortably, "but crystalline schists occur here and there." Following up the "tiny brook" which, though sheep can step across it, still bears the mighty name of Indus, the point is reached at last where the first drops trickle from a partly concealed well in the hillside. It is impossible not to sympathise with the successful explorer in such a moment, and, when the usual exact observations have been made and registered, it is impossible not to be stirred by

\* "Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet." By Sven Hedin. Macmillan. 2 vols. 30s. net.



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the feelings which he allows himself briefly to express:—

"Here I stood, and saw the Indus emerge from the lap of the earth. Here I stood, and saw this unpretentious brook wind down the valley, and I thought of all the changes it must undergo before it passes between rocky cliffs, singing its roaring song in ever more powerful crescendo, down to the sea at Karachi, where steamers load and unload. I thought of its restless course through Western Tibet, through Ladak and Baltistan, past Skardu, where the apricot trees nod on its banks, through Dardistan and Kohistan, past Peshawar, and across the plains of the Western Punjab, until at last it is swallowed up by the salt waves of the ocean, the Nirvana and the refuge of all weary rivers."

Such are the sublime moments of an explorer's life, the rare, occasional prizes, over and above the little wayside discoveries and crystalline schists of his daily life, which now and then fall to his lot. We congratulate Dr. Sven Hedin heartily on his good fortune.

And with equal sincerity do we congratulate ourselves. This is not the place to endeavor to appraise Dr. Sven Hedin's geological, geographical, and other scientific contributions to our knowledge of the Tibetan plateau. The reasons for self-congratulation we are thinking of are of another kind. It seems to us that in these days we owe to explorers a special debt of gratitude. We are driven, it is the inevitable tendency of our civilisation, to live, and act, and think more and more communistically. We herd too much. We express fluently, but we are content with transmitted forms of knowledge, and with turning over second-hand ideas. There needs an individualist now and then to come among us to remind us of the keen and exquisite delight of direct observation. Not to prune, or modify, or rearrange, but to come in contact with ideas at the moment when they leave the matter that held them is the highest intellectual ecstasy. A book like this, the book of a genuine explorer, seems to bring into our stock of ideas, grown perhaps a little languid and dull, a jet, tonic and stimulating, like the cold clear jet of a mountain spring. It is the explorer's contribution to the thought of his age, and we have need to set store by it.

#### THE ATMOSPHERE OF RICHES.\*

MR. PONSONBY discusses in this interesting and suggestive little volume certain important but rather neglected aspects of the problem of wealth. His book is particularly opportune in the moment of its appearance, for the form which the Budget controversy has taken, and the vigor with which the theory of the necessity and value to the State of a tremendously rich class has been defended and assailed, have drawn public notice very forcibly to some of the economic consequences of leaving what Mr. Hobson calls the "surplus income" in the hands of a few individuals. Mr. Ponsonby's allusions to the economic side of this subject show that he is a disciple of Mr. Hobson, though he presents his argument in rather a different way. He sets out to show that there is a fixed limit to individual capacity for wise and useful expenditure, and that irreparable harm is caused, economically and morally, by the private possession of wealth beyond that limit. To make good his contention, he examines the modern consequences of large expenditure. The part of his discussion of this subject which will attract particular attention is that concerned with luxurious living. He asks himself how in point of fact very rich men live, what are their surroundings and their dependants, and, to arrive at an answer, he imagines himself setting forth in the spirit of one of Mr. Booth's investigators on a visit of inquiry to Mayfair. A social missionary on such an errand would have to face an unpleasant welcome. "In response to the bell the massive front door would slowly open and out of the darkness of the hall would emerge the solemn figure of an overfed butler, flanked by two giants with powdered hair. The investigator, note book in hand, if he had the courage to proceed, would ask his string of queries as to how many rooms the house contained, how many people, the cost of living, the health of the children, the employment of the man, &c., &c. But he would not get very far before the incensed and outraged dignity of the man would take an active form, and he would find himself hurled down the steps into the street." Such an investigation would have a very

real value to the scientific politician. Mr. Ponsonby does not go so far as Cobbett, who contended that a J.P. who really did his duty would commit every rich man in his neighborhood who was without visible means of earning his livelihood, but he argues that in a wisely and justly governed State the affairs of the rich would be as much a matter for public curiosity and interest as the affairs of the poor.

Fortunately, he has been able to collect, by the help of friends, some very interesting details of the great establishments of the London rich.

Here, for example, is a list of the indoor servants kept in one town house. The owner has four houses. He is married and has two children. His servants are one house steward, two grooms of the chamber, one valet, two under butlers, three footmen, two steward's-room footmen, one gate porter, one hall porter, one usher of the servants' hall, two odd men, one house carpenter, one chef, one kitchen porter, four kitchen and scullery maids, two still-room maids, six housemaids, one linen maid, one lady's maid, one housekeeper, and two nurses. In this instance nineteen men and seventeen women are employed in one house to provide for the wants of a man and his wife and their two children. Taxation which should oblige this West End potentate to reduce any part of his expenditure on his pleasures and his state would be resisted by the cry that it would cause unemployment, and the rich pretend that this gross and grotesque misapplication of faculties and energies is in the long run as essential to the welfare of the poor as it is to the comfort of the rich. We hope that Budget speakers will be careful to explain from instances, such as are given in this volume, what the rich really mean when they talk of the existing relations of rich and poor as an economic web in which a single thread cannot be disturbed without causing ruin and confusion. What they mean is that society, as they conceive it, cannot go on unless millions of people go short of clothes, boots, or food, that the energies which might be spent on producing these things may be employed in maintaining the pomp and state of a tiny class. The truth must be expounded in concrete terms. It would be instructive, for example, to present a picture of the arrangements of the Duke of Northumberland's five mansions side by side with the condition of the cottages at Walbottle, and to show that, if the arguments which are employed by the Dukes are sound, the poor must always live in Walbottles because the Dukes cannot help living in palaces; and the poor must always lack the necessities of life because it takes twenty men to keep a Duke decently washed, brushed, and clothed. Other interesting tables in Mr. Ponsonby's book illustrate the comparative expenditure of rich and poor on food. Here is a weekly budget. For the household of an "unemployed man," four in family and fourteen servants: Butcher £15 2s. 7d., greengrocer £10 10s., ice merchant £1 18s., fishmonger £7 10s., grocer £5 5s., milkman £4 4s., poulterer £12, baker £3 17s. Paley preached contentment to the poor a century ago by reminding them that Nature had set a limit to the size of the human stomach, and that therefore in one sense the capacity of rich and poor for happiness was not very unequal. It might occur to some critics that the argument, such as it is, ought to be addressed not to the poor but to the rich.

Mr. Ponsonby's main preoccupation is not so much the economic as the moral consequence of treating wealth with the inordinate respect that it receives in modern society. He describes very happily and vividly the atmosphere of riches. Our general worship of great possessions creates a world of illusion in which the poor romanticise the dull lives of the idle leaders of smart society. Many people outside that little set think that its life is glorious and exciting, full of energy and dash and variety, whereas it is in fact singularly empty and monotonous. Certain newspapers feed these false ideas. "Nothing can surpass the servility of that section of the Press that recounts the doings of these parasites, describing with intense solemnity their entertainments and their hunting and shooting exploits, and giving embarrassingly intimate episodes from their private lives for public consumption. By publishing broadcast these alluring pictures it attempts to glorify their profitless and empty existence." Fielding made the same complaint of the popular presentation of high life in his day, but he lived before the days of an Americanised Press.

\* "The Camel and the Needle's Eye." By Arthur Ponsonby. M.P. Fifield. 3s. 6d. net.



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This mirage casts a glamor over selfish and brutal expenditure on luxury and show, and leads others to admire instead of to hate the character that chooses this hideous existence. But what of the expenditure of a leader of society who combines immense wealth with public spirit? We know the kind of local life that generally surrounds him. "He dispenses charity to the villagers with open-handed generosity, providing thoughtfully the sack of coals in winter, the occasional pound of tea, the knitted waistcoats for the little boys, the scarves and hoods for the little girls, and what could be more idyllic than to see the children bobbing curtsies and touching their caps to the people from the great house?" We know the kind of character that is produced in a society which can only find its light and warmth at this *foyer*; its dependence, its lack of life and spirit and self-respect. We know, too, the kind of character that is produced in the generous benefactor. A simple test will suffice. If we approach him and explain that the State is going to relieve him of these hospitable duties, taking from his superfluous wealth for the purpose just as much as he dispenses himself, will he be thankful or the reverse? We know that in nine cases out of ten he will show by his answer that what he values most is, not the satisfaction of feeling that the little boys are protected from the winter by knitted waistcoats, and the little girls by scarves and hoods, but the sense of power and importance which he derives from his patronage. This is the key to the mind of many rich people who are themselves openhanded to their poorer neighbors, and yet are infuriated by such a measure as the Old Age Pensions Act.

We have only space to glance at a few of the aspects of the problem which Mr. Ponsonby discusses in this stimulating book. He attacks the abuses that are inevitable in this atmosphere of plutocracy in an incisive and piquant way, but his book is not made up of invective or polemics. It is a careful study of the properties and influences of that atmosphere, tracing its subtle poison and its widespread demoralisations in relationships that often seem innocent and even admirable, and examining the advantages that are plausibly claimed for it in the name of culture and refinement. It is, in fact, just the kind of discussion that is wanted at this time when the questions that lie at the root of taxation as a means of social reform are engrossing attention, and society is obliged to consider in a new light the uses and place of the rich in the modern State. The rich themselves are treated with a sympathetic insight, and they are offered consolation as well as warning. The fate that they dread is really destined to save them from the moral and intellectual atrophy that threatens a spoilt class. "All kinds of insignificant little daily efforts keep the machine perpetually in motion and in order, ready and alert for more work, and the spirit of disinclination is shut out. . . . It has been shown in the animal world that the spoilt and carefully combed and washed pet is far less intelligent than the animal who has to look after himself, scratch his own fleas, and lick the dirt off his paws. We are under the impression that if we can get rid of the various irritations of daily life, which are our fleas, the time spent in scratching will be devoted to work of a higher order more in conformity with our powers." The book would, indeed, form a judicious Christmas present for those rich men who do not realise yet that the Budget is a blessing in disguise.

#### A GREAT SCOTTISH ECCLESIASTIC.\*

SCOTLAND is pre-eminently the land of ecclesiastics, a circumstance which greatly perplexed and irritated beyond measure the late Mr. Buckle. Buckle was willing to admit that, indirectly, the clergy had made considerable contributions to the cause of liberty; but, taken as a whole, it would have been better, in his opinion, had the Church never existed in Scotland. The idea of the Church existing as a hostile power against the State is one which is not endorsed by the history of Scotland. Open that history where you will, you will find the two powers working towards the same end—that of raising the tone of civilisa-

tion. The one great problem with which statesmen and ecclesiastics alike had to deal was the defining of the relation between Church and State. The peculiarity of the case is that it is with this one problem that the ecclesiastical history of Scotland mainly deals. Knox, Melville, the Covenanters, Carstairs, Chalmers, Rainy—those great leaders had all to deal with the same problem. Here we have the explanation of the continuity of Scottish ecclesiastical history, and also the explanation of the fact that Mr. Carnegie-Simpson has been compelled to give such a large historical background to his "Life of Principal Rainy." To the ordinary reader, to whom the purely personal note in biography appeals, there is much in this life which will prove uninteresting. Principal Rainy's career does not lend itself to dramatic treatment. He did not, like some of his predecessors—Chalmers, Candlish, and Guthrie—bulk largely in the public mind, inasmuch as his gifts were not of the magnetic kind which were indispensable in the early stages of the Disruption movement. After the first blush of enthusiasm, when the energies of the Church had to be focussed and directed, the man of the hour obviously was not the rousing orator, but the calm diplomatist; not the victorious general, but the wise administrator. For this task Principal Rainy was admirably fitted, and certainly his powers were tried to the utmost. The part assigned to Principal Rainy by the Time-Spirit was that of negotiating the union between the Free and the United Presbyterian Churches. The first attempt, which extended over ten years, from 1863 to 1873, proved a failure, in consequence of the opposition of an influential minority, headed by Dr. Begg, who protested against the union of a Church which was committed to the Establishment principle with one which represented Voluntarism. The second attempt, nearly forty years later, was successful, but at the cost of an action in the House of Lords by the representatives of the old protesting minority, with, as result, great loss of property and disorganisation of ecclesiastical machinery.

Sandwiched between the two great epochs in Rainy's life was another, known as the Robertson Smith case, which was fraught with graver issues than the ecclesiastical problems with which his predecessors had to deal. They were occupied with defining the relations between Church and State. Rainy was confronted with a deeper and more vital problem—namely, the relation between Church and Bible. Till Robertson Smith published his epoch-making views, there had been unanimity with regard to the position of the Bible as the authoritative standard and final authority in Protestant Scotland. In fact, the Disruption Church prided itself on its orthodoxy on this point, and, because of its orthodoxy, it attracted to itself from the Established Church large numbers of earnest Evangelical laymen. But how could orthodoxy be guaranteed if the ultimate standard, the final authority, was discredited? An infallible Bible had been the rallying cry of Protestantism in its great contest with Rome. A new force had arisen, Rationalism, which could never be defeated if Protestantism had to admit that its final appeal was not to an infallible book, but simply to a literature not wholly accurate, and flavored with legendary and mythical lore. With such a rallying cry orthodoxy was greatly hampered in its battle with Rationalism. No more difficult problem ever presented itself to a Church leader. The views put forward by Robertson Smith were known to the cultured few in the Free Church, and Rainy knew that sooner or later the Higher Criticism would become a burning question. What was to be done? Robertson Smith forced the pace. Those who shared his views strove to secure liberty, but it was clear from the debates in the Assembly that the Church was far from being educated up to the Higher Criticism standard. To condemn Robertson Smith on account of his views would have been to stop theological progress; yet to leave Robertson Smith in his chair was to bring about a Disruption. Rainy got out of the difficulty by deposing Robertson Smith from his chair on the ground that the interest of the Church demanded the termination of a controversy which was doing infinite harm. In other words, it was expedient that one man should suffer rather than that the Church should be rent in twain. For a time Rainy's reputation went under eclipse. He was denounced as a trimmer, whose ideal was cold, calculating, worldly expe-

\* "The Life of Principal Rainy." By Patrick Carnegie-Simpson. M.A. Hodder & Stoughton. 2 vols. 21s. net.



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diency. Mr. Simpson, in his admirable history of the case, claims for Rainy that by his tactics he really secured the liberty which Robertson Smith's disciples now enjoy. There is no escape from this conclusion. Rainy's action, denounced at the time, is now seen to have been dictated by statesmanship of the highest order. All the same, the problem raised by Robertson Smith has not been solved. Thanks to Rainy, the Church is no longer in a panic mood, and is now willing to look at the Higher Criticism in a comparatively calm frame of mind. That is a gain, but students of theology in Scotland are forced to admit that the changed views of the Bible created by the Higher Criticism will slowly, but surely, weaken the entire dogmatic system of Scottish Protestantism.

Till the recent crisis Principal Rainy was recognised as a leader who was more enamored of the expedient than of the heroic; but the public saw another side of his nature when, at an age when men seek the secluded nooks of life, he braced himself, with marvellous energy and enthusiasm, to undo the blundering work of the House of Lords. The judgment by which ecclesiastical chaos was produced in Scotland stands condemned at the bar of law as well as of common sense, and men in the highest legal circles have been known to whisper condemnation of the long-robed gentlemen whose ignorance of Scottish ecclesiasticism led them to inflict a cruel blow upon a flourishing Church. To this phase in Principal Rainy's life Mr. Simpson does ample justice. In his pages Rainy appears in his true light—as those who knew him can testify—as the leader who guided his Church through a serious crisis in its history with a sagacity and ability which, had they been exercised in the political sphere, would have raised him to the highest rank of statesmanship. Mr. Simpson is an ideal biographer. In the hands of a second-rate writer, the book, owing to the large amount of historical matter necessarily important, might easily have been heavy and lumbering; but Mr. Simpson's literary deftness, his keen sense of proportion, and his crisp, incisive style, have enabled him to give us a biography which will rank as a classic in Scottish ecclesiastical literature.

#### BAR AND BOHEMIA.\*

FROM one topic to another Mr. Crispe flows on agreeably enough. He has seen Macready, he remembers Thackeray as a lecturer, and the Rev. J. C. M. Bellet as the greatest of readers. He discusses the art of Kissing (on the stage), the night-houses of the 'fifties and the 'sixties, the judges and barristers he has known, the dinners he has eaten, the efficaciousness of the cat-o-nine-tails, the methods of persuading juries, the morality of pocketing fees for cases not attended to, and the propriety of piling on the agony of a death sentence with the help of that "gear of terror," the Black Cap. There are "pippins and cheese" for all tasters.

Thackeray comes on as a lecturer, dissatisfied, in one instance, with his fees, in another with the style assigned him on the programme. Edinburgh had made money out of him, and he wrote to a friend: "I am in the hands of the Philistines. They have bought me for two hundred and sold me for five." For Mr. Crispe, who was then connected with the old Marylebone Institute, he delivered his lectures on the "Georges," and was rather nettled at having been announced on the bills as plain "W. M. Thackeray." We are not sure that either reminiscence was worth printing.

Here is a peep at an establishment which has lived on in the pages of Dickens:—

"One Sunday Tolfree took me to the old Queen's Bench Prison, where a friend of his was then resident, and where he himself had been an occasional inmate. His friend was just out of the tub, and was going to play a game of rackets. To my mind, the Bench seemed a pleasant place of retirement. There was a lady resident, who was in contempt as to paying some fine for selling cadetships in the East India Company, and in complicity with her there was a well-known fashionable preacher—the good old times!"

In the 'fifties, and later, Leicester Square, the Haymarket, and Covent Garden collected the night birds of London.

\*"Reminiscences of a K.C." By Thomas Edward Crispe. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

"Evans's," in Covent Garden, was, of course, far above its rivals, and probably there has been no other supper-room in London quite on the same Bohemian level. It was a place for an excellent late meal of the Victorian order, with some decent music thrown in. Among the regular frequenters were the men of their day in the most various ways of life: barristers, literary gents, journalists, artists, actors, managers, dramatists, together with the usual squad of men about town who wound the evening up elsewhere. "There were two rigid rules: no pipes were allowed—the cigarette had not then found vogue—and no women were admitted." Every Thackerayan knows that "Evans's" was his "Cave of Harmony"—and Thackeray, among the Bohemians of his day, was a very deacon for propriety.

Later in the evening the tide turned towards the Haymarket; and from this point a kind of rogues' march began up the hill to Windmill Street, where stood the most notorious casino of the period. This, by the way, lasted on into the 'seventies. The whole neighborhood swarmed with dancing-rooms, most of them rather ill-reputed.

But at the epoch of the 'fifties Leicester Square "was the centre of Metropolitan vice." For a time at least it existed in defiance of authority, made no secret whatever concerning its principal business, and was scarcely minded of the police. "The Square" had, as Mr. Crispe says, striven in vain for respectability. There was the Gallery of poor Miss Linwood, with her specimens of tapestry embroidery; there was a panorama; there was the Panopticon; there was the educational Mr. Wylde with his Great Globe. But these innocuous entertainments no longer pleased—in Leicester Square. Miss Linwood folded her embroideries, and her skirts, and silently withdrew. In her place came the bold Madame Wharton with the celebrated "Poses Plastiques." To-day this exhibition would be voted tame enough, and in Madame Wharton's day it was outdone in popularity by a much more indecent show a few doors distant. Next to this spectacle was that of the blackguard "Baron" Nicholson, who for a long time set the police at naught with his "Judge and Jury."

"At his court every night a jury was empanelled from the audience, and a mock trial took place, the baron presiding as judge. Witnesses were called, counsel heard, and the learned judge summed up. His addresses to the jury were humorous and racy, but under a veneer of polish there was a foul layer of indecency."

One very interesting aspect Leicester Square and its locality had at that time. It was (far more than it is at the present day) a humble kind of Paris in London. Doubtless it harbored a crowd of rogues, Communists, and swindlers; but it was the refuge also of an immense number of respectable foreigners, many of whom were genuine political refugees. This is a perfect little picture of the district as it was then:—

"It was always interesting to wander through these streets; you were out of England as completely as if you had crossed the Channel; and more so, for these strays were congregated in the area of a square mile. The shops with the foreign journals; the *charcuterie*, with its jambons, its truffes, olives, and other delicacies; the *boutique de vin*, with the long bottles and flasks of Chianti in wicker casings, the *sirops*, the liqueurs, all *véritable*; the *épicerie*, with its macaroni, its fragrant spices, its vanilla and *chocolat de Paris*—all made up an attraction for the window-gazer."

Onwards from the seventh chapter these reminiscences are professional; but even before an audience of laymen a lawyer with Mr. Crispe's knack of story-telling has no need to "sink the shop": there is no dust about. He was of the "old Home" circuit, when the future Mr. Justice Day ("Judgment" Day) was Senior, and Mr. William Willis (now his Honour the Judge) one of the leaders. Mr. Day, "letting off his sparkles" at mess at the Bar Inn, must have been a different person from the gentleman whose mere visage in a wig, as he glowered from the Bench upon the dock, was a dreadful promise of punishment. And, as Mr. Crispe touches on the question of this judge's sentences, we may be pardoned one word of criticism.

Between Mr. Justice Day and his Honour Judge Willis ("the one a rigid Romanist, the other a strongly pronounced Nonconformist and passive resister"), there existed a friendship as close as it was curious. They differed, says Mr. Crispe,

"on one point, 'flogging,' for which the judge [Day] was a strong



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advocate; and in some of the mercantile towns his sentences in that respect were severe but salutary."

Writers who would persuade us of the salutary effects of flogging should nowadays be more than ever careful to adduce their proofs. Severe Mr. Justice Day's sentences of flogging were; salutary they were not. To Mr. Crispe, who so well remembers the Leicester Square of the 'fifties, the judicial statistics of the 'eighties and early 'nineties cannot be altogether ancient history. It was in 1882 that Mr. Justice Day entered on his first flogging campaign at Liverpool; and during eleven years he swung the "cat" with the most relentless vigor. In 1882 there were at Liverpool fifty-six cases of robbery with violence. In 1893, when Mr. Justice Day had inflicted 2,000 lashes save forty, there were seventy-nine cases—an increase of twenty-three. Rarely did this Judge miss an opportunity of laying on the whip: his record proved the absolute futility of his punishments, and proved nothing else. Another famous Judge who comes into Mr. Crispe's pages was Mr. Justice Hawkins. He, too, in his early days on the Bench had recourse occasionally to that most useless of all punitive weapons, the cat-o'-nine-tails. Very soon he came to the conclusion that "You make a perfect devil of the man you flog"; and Hawkins (who was scarcely to be classed among the sentimentalists) dropped the "cat" and took it up no more.

But Mr. Crispe is not often on debatable ground: when he is not, he seems to us to be nearly always in the right. Every suitor, we imagine, will appreciate his remarks in Chapter VIII. on the deplorable and costly delays of the law. Justice delayed is often justice denied. The Long Vacation is—well, it is rather long; and then there are the costly High Court judges, who are far too often absent on Circuit. What, asks Mr. Crispe, prevents the establishment of legal centres, and the appointment of Assize or travelling judges? "In London there should be a Court of Justice, of at least twelve judges, sitting all the legal year round. . . . A great country like our own"—Mr. Crispe italicises these words—"should have its Courts of Law always open."

Another of Mr. Crispe's questions, in which the general public has an interest, treats of the fees of counsel—fees taken by counsel for work that he does not do. Few reviewers, we fancy, are paid for the reviews they have no time to write; but a popular K.C. may find himself called upon to appear in five different cases, and for the four briefs that he leaves to his juniors he usually receives his fees in full. Mr. Crispe's view on the matter

"is with the public, that, as a rule, to which there may be many exceptions, counsel should return their fees, where they are not able to render their services. It seems much more consistent with the attitude of a gentleman who accepts an honorarium and is free from the risk of an action if he neglects his duty. If he were not a barrister, and were paid to do work which he neglected to do, he might be mulcted in damages."

The Bar Committee, which the late F. O. Crump, Q.C., brought into existence, might consider the point. It is somewhat of a slur on the profession.

To the reader we must leave the good stories with which Mr. Crispe has packed his volume; but here is just one glimpse of that ready and happy-tempered humorist, Frank Lockwood:—

"The learned counsel, an extremely serious man, had been tormented by Lockwood's frivolities in a case in which they were opposed—at last, in despair, he held up his hands in deprecation, and said:—

"'Pray! Mr. Lockwood.'"

"'I do,' returned Lockwood, with a shrug, 'but only at the proper time and place.'"

#### WHITE AND SELBORNE.\*

It is no drawback to our appreciation of Gilbert White that we do not know all about his youth or even that we have no very trustworthy portrait of him in the mature stage of a decent and in some ways a model country vicar making the best of his rural opportunities. We can imagine him very well as a boy who loved all live things and, perhaps, like ourselves, put bees and spiders into bottles, he knew not

why—though the records tell us only that he took some part in digging a cave under a ruin at Basingstoke. Surely that was a most untypical fact to have been preserved to posterity, but then Nature, whether in her day books or in the ledgers of the fossiliferous rocks, has a very haphazard way of keeping her accounts.

We are indebted for the latest book on Gilbert White and Selborne to Mr. Henry C. Shelley. He has performed with grace the task of making bricks with a limited supply of straw or other material. We cannot help thinking that he is content, as we are, that White and Selborne should speak to us on equal terms, each with their antecedents taken a little for granted and each reciprocating the other's—shall we say?—personality. The immortal book is the chief thing. It contains, so far as White is concerned, the most part of the evidence we have as to what manner of man he was, evidence that presents itself in the best manner scattered over many pages as he placed it. Yet it is usefully presented to less enthusiastic Selbornians in the form of a collected judgment such as this.

Selborne itself has been mapped, described, shown in picture many times. Mr. Shelley's book is provided with many interesting photographs, and his description brings up to us the several charms of plestor, lythe, zigzag, hangar, and their centre, the "Wakes," more pleasantly than any other book on the subject that we remember. Though it is, of course, a thing difficult to be certain of, the charm of Selborne seems to be so much in itself that it may have been the predominant collaborator in the book. It may be that White was just a cave-digging boy—a brigand for the nonce in those Basingstoke ruins—and that the *genius loci* got hold of him, early in life, of course, and made him what the world knows him. On the other hand it is possible, and in a sense certain, that but for White, Selborne would never have been discovered. At any rate, it is as difficult now to think of White without Selborne, or of Selborne without White, as it is to divorce Walton from the Lea, though much of the Lea, including, as the Conservators would have it, the name, has vanished.

We do not think either that White's book can very well be separated in thought from the century in which it was written. It was, in the first place, a century of letter-writing, which this is not. It is just a little idle to find a strikingly peculiar personal grace in White's style. It is there, no doubt, but it is not everywhere there, as Mr. Shelley sometimes appears to think, and the examples he adduces, such as "procreant cradle," do not strike us as at all typical of White's charm. The letters of most men of that day are, apart from their subject matter, very much alike. White belonged to an adorable literary school, but to a fairly large one. His chief fortune and ours is that he wrote about something that really interested him and which interests us. Apart from the book itself, this book about the book and its author is a very charming way of making their acquaintance.

#### TWO NOVELS.\*

It is a pity that English people show so little curiosity in the modern Norse writers. It would astonish most people to be told that, for pure beauty both of style and feeling, we have no novelist who can compare with the Dane, Jacobsen, a kind of prose Keats. Occasionally a translation is offered up, on the shrine of our indifference, of Selma Lagerlov, or Prydz, or Jonas Lie, but the shy gift falls unseen, lost in the annual hecatomb of English fiction. Mr. Heinemann deserves special thanks for his charming little edition of the novels of Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. We should have been grateful to the editor, Mr. Gosse, for a Prefatory Note telling us whether "Mary" is one of Bjørnson's later productions. The Norwegian master's artistic development is said to have suffered seriously from his ambition to assume the leadership of social purity movements, but "Mary" shows no trace of the ethical bias so insistent in "God's Way."

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\* "Mary." By Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. Translated by Mary Morison. Heinemann. 3s.

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to convey. As a picture of life, "Mary" is a little stiff and lacking in atmospheric charm; but how admirably firm is it in handling and draughtsmanship. In sketching his characters, Björnson dwells only on their essential traits. At first sight the result is a little meagre and disappointing, but after the reader has put the book away, the scenes rush back on him with redoubled force. Every word has counted, and the reader's mind, freed from the burden of confusing detail, retains the image etched by the sharp, sparse strokes.

In drawing the character of Marit, or Mary, his proud, high-souled heroine, of upper-class birth, Björnson is not quite in his element. The secrets of the national character in peasantry and bourgeoisie no one, perhaps, understands better than he, but the fine shades of feminine instinct, in the leisured class, are a little beyond him. For this reason the description of Marit's cosmopolitan experiences, in Paris, &c., is hard and bare. What Björnson conveys admirably, however, perhaps without knowing it, is the feeling of his Northerners' force, directness, and simplicity when set against a sophisticated European background. Frans Røy, the Norwegian engineer officer, half-barbarian and half-child, who falls violently in love with Marit, and does not understand that "to touch her is forbidden," for the girl "dwells in a remoteness which she preserves inviolate with extraordinary vigilance and tact," is a sort of latter-day Rollo, a sea-king, who thrills her with his strength and daring while he repels her by his familiarity and presumption. Marit, deeply troubled and hurt by her discovery that Frans Røy has had an intrigue with her friend, Alice Clerc, returns home to Norway, and forthwith is wooed by Røy's rival, Jørgen Thiis. The character of this second suitor, self-concentrated and sensual is drawn in masterly style. One is repelled by him, one scarcely knows why, but one understands intuitively that women will succumb to his assurance, to his assumed devotion, and that the girl selected as his wife will be his victim. The cool and quiet account of the growth of the relations between Marit and Jørgen is deeply interesting. Women often take the wrong man, not because they trust him, but because his deference flatters their own opinion of themselves. So with Marit. How she surrenders to Jørgen, and, when at his mercy, tears herself from him in a flash of instinctive hatred, we shall leave the reader to discover for himself. The last chapters, "Alone," and "The Crisis," are unerring in their force. The description of Marit's night walk in the storm to Krogskogen, and her rescue from her despair by Frans Røy, is quite perfect. Such beauty of feeling and such simplicity show the hand of a master.

One begins Canon Sheehan's novel in a spirit of generous recognition of the picturesque claims of the old-fashioned novel. Let us for once have a holiday, one says, and get away from the "depressing fields of modern realism" into the stirring upland country of romantic incident. Hang it all! why not enjoy a story where the scene is pitched on a desolate Irish coast, and the plot carries us to and fro between the gloomy house of the stern, iron-souled parish priest, Dr. Grey, who is always at odds with his trembling parishioners, and the ruins of Dunkerrin Castle, where a band of strolling gypsies aid the gentleman smuggler, Edward Wycherley, to run contraband cargoes under the nose of the revenue officers? After all, such things do happen, even in these degenerate days, as the newspapers, with their headings, "Strange Affair at Doonvarragh," may testify. One resigns oneself comfortably into the hands of Canon Sheehan, confiding in his wide experience of men and manners to unlock that treasure chest of local drama, of which the parish priest and the trusted physician, in popular belief, hold the key. And one's faith is a little dashed, after the chest has been turned out, to find out how mouldy and faded are the old romantic properties—gypsies, and smugglers, and lawless peasantry, even moonlight assignations and elopements. If only Canon Sheehan could have written his novel without these romantic accessories, one sorrowfully concludes, how much better it might have been!

The first few chapters are promising. The hard, strong, domineering parish priest, a man of the old school, who sees the "supremacy of Law in all things earthly and divine," and would drill all human impulses and instincts into submission to the Church's decrees, is a figure that, like Ibsen's Brand, seems created to be the centre of a

moving human drama. When his orphan niece, Annie, comes, against his will, from America, to make his house her home, we expect that some conflict will be precipitated in which the priest's creed will be worsted by the invasion of his long-repressed emotions. But Canon Sheehan fritters away the situation by introducing a variety of exciting side issues. Ned Kerins, an American Irishman, has been boycotted for taking an evicted farm, which is coveted by his neighbors, the Duggans. A bitter feud arises between the two families, and the gypsy, Pete, and the gypsy girl, Cora, play mysterious parts in inciting the enemies one against the other. At the neighboring house, Rohira, resides another mysterious family, the Wycherleys, whose eldest son, Ned, in collusion with the gypsies, carries on a contraband trade in smuggling. The younger son, Jack Wycherley, falls desperately in love with the priest's niece, Annie O'Farrell, and the plot switches us off abruptly to hospital scenes in London, and scenes in South Africa, where the two, now medical student and nurse, meet to work out an emotional tragedy. The stern, domineering priest, Dr. Grey, meanwhile has grown blind, and the closing chapters are devoted to the broken man's discovery that the universal and inexorable Moral Law is balanced by the "new Commandment"—"Love is celebrated everywhere as the sole law which should govern the moral world." Canon Sheehan has made the mistake of planning a story without a centre. His best chapters are intimate studies of the clerical atmosphere; in his worst his intellectual energies are dissipated in descriptions of imaginary incidents of the G. P. R. James variety. He is obviously in need of a good model, and he might do worse than study the work of the Norwegian master, Björnson, much of whose fiction is distinguished by a classic symmetry of form.


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"THE boy has genuine ability, which he declines to use in the smallest degree. An abnormal proficiency at games has apparently destroyed all desire in him to realise the more serious issues of life." This was the school report on "Mike" (Black, 3s. 6d.), after a two years' sojourn at Wrykyn; it is the key also to the character of the story set forth in Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's latest volume. It is less a school story than a school cricket story. The triumphs and defeats, the necessary rivalries, the inevitable jealousies, the friendships and enmities of the noble game, are all illustrated with a wealth of detail. At the end of the first innings, so to speak, Mike is removed from Wrykyn to Sedleigh, where the atmosphere is at first a little less crickety. But in due course the hero raises Sedleigh's tone in this respect, and the book ends triumphantly with "Wrykyn v. Sedleigh." Mike, of course, is a type we have all met. Most of the other types are old familiar friends. One or two of them, such as Psmith—a kind of dandified Stalky—are occasionally amusing, when they are not bowling, batting, or fielding. But there is not one that we should miss from this panoramic cricket match as presented by its vivacious and enthusiastic author.

To the older boy, the boy who has begun to appreciate the value of atmosphere in a story, we can cordially recommend "My Lady Bellamy," by Miss Dorothea Moore (Nisbet, 5s.). The period in that of William of Orange, and the adventures narrated are those of Sir Gervase Bellamy, an Irish Jacobite, and the little girl, Henrietta, with whom, prior to the opening of the story, he had contracted a whimsical but binding marriage. Henrietta, who lodges with a scolding aunt, is the means of saving her grown-up husband from a plot, hatched by political opponents at the aunt's house, to arrest him, and she thenceforth becomes the partner of Sir Gervase's wanderings through Scotland, which culminate in his capture and detention in Edinburgh. Lady Bellamy, however, contrives to get to London and forestall her husband's enemies in obtaining the King's ear, with the result that a royal pardon is obtained, coupled with six years' leave of absence for Sir Gervase, at the end of which her ladyship will be able to take up the duties of married life in earnest. Of her child heroine the author has made a delightful and thoroughly consistent study, and the vein of delicate and tender romance in her relationship with Sir Gervase is preserved throughout—an antidote, as it were, to the sinister atmosphere of strife, intrigue, and treachery in which this oddly-mated pair move.

"SEEING THE WORLD" (Wells, Gardner, 5s.), by Ascott R. Hope, is concerned with the adventures of a young Tyrolean goat-herd, who, after tramping through Europe, is rescued in London by his sister, a member of a troupe of Tyrolean singers and dancers, performing at Earl's Court. The story is pleasantly told, and the adventures do not strain credulity too far.—Another adventure story is "Chillagoe Charlie" (Unwin, 5s.), by Mr. Robert M. Macdonald. The hero assumes the character of Chillagoe Charlie, a desperado wanted by the police of Northern Queensland, performs a number of notable actions in the service of the miners, and finally discloses his identity. As in another book of Mr. Macdonald's noticed elsewhere, there is plenty of revolver shooting.—"The Man From the Moon" (Richards, 6s.), by Mr. Philip Carmichael, is intended for younger children, and is one of the crowd of books called into existence by "Alice in Wonderland." That Mr. Carmichael is no rival to Lewis Carroll does not prevent his book from being, on the whole, a successful example of the genre. There are a number of good illustrations by Mr. Frank Watkins.

## The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, Dec. 3.	Price Friday morning, Dec. 10.
Consols 2½ per cent. ....	82½	82½
German Threes ....	83½	84
Peru Pref. ....	35½	36½
Buenos Ayres Pacific ....	92	91½
Steel Common ....	89½	94½
London Omnibus ....	17½	20½

POLITICS have not been quite the only subject of conversation in the City, though they are still exercising its attention, and its wit, in a manner that is not good for business. Financial affairs have been more interesting in themselves, and both Lombard Street and Capel Court have been able to spare a little time for their own concerns. In the first place, Bank rate has come down. Bill brokers, and other dealers in credit who live on a supply of cheap money, have for some time been maintaining that the retention of the official rate at 5 per cent. was penalising trade and business to no purpose. The Bank's position had been improved into one of great strength by the rapid increase in its reserve during November, and there seemed to be no reason why the many borrowers who base their contracts on Bank rate should still have to pay excessive prices for their loans. This clamor has been all the louder since the Bank, by lowering the price that it was prepared to pay for gold, had practically intimated that it was not very eager to build up its reserve still further. On Thursday the Bank recognised the force of their critics' contentions by lowering its rate to 4½ per cent. This action came rather as a surprise, however, for the movement, which might well have been made a fortnight ago, was more questionable now, since it was known that a large number of sovereigns was being withdrawn for Argentina, with more to follow.

### HOME RAILWAYS AND HOME TRADE.

In the stock markets, Home Railway stocks have come into favor with a rush and have soared upwards under the influence of investment buying, speculative buying, and a stampede of bears for cover. The fact is that the trade of the country is behaving in a highly unpatriotic manner. After all that the Tariff Reformers have told us of the doom of our moribund industries, here are these frigid and calculating Board of Trade returns chronicling, month after month, a great increase in commercial activity. The November returns were quite scandalously good, showing, with almost brazen effrontery, that the greater part of the big increase in our export trade was contributed by manufactured articles. The traffic returns of the Home Railway companies are equally impudent, with a steady and rapid increase in the volume of goods handled, and some improvement in passenger receipts. Then comes the Railway Commissioners' decision allowing the railway companies to charge more for carrying coal. Trade prospects are admitted to be excellent, and that lamentable lack of confidence in the Government, concerning which we have heard so much from gentlemen whose interests are purely financial, does not appear to affect the genuine commercial classes.

### THE LAW GUARANTEE SOCIETY.

Another sensation of the week was a report, published last Saturday by the "Financial News," by the chairman of the Law Guarantee, Trust, and Accident Society on its position, showing an estimated loss of a million and a half. The company's misfortunes appear to be due to depreciation in certain kinds of property. It guaranteed mortgages, especially on properties such as residential flats, hotels, public-houses, and also on buildings in course of erection. Properties of this kind are, of course, especially difficult to value, and a loan on them which may seem, at the time when it is entered into, to be amply secured, may easily within a very short time be found to have little behind it but unsaleable bricks and mortar, merely because a neighborhood has been overbuilt, or a change of fashion has driven folk further afield, or into places that have a cheaper train service or are better supplied with local music-halls. Mr. Harris is rather severe on the former management of the society, which seems, in his view, to have been conducted according to legal formulas rather than business principles, and the prospect for the unfortunate shareholders is gloomy enough.

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